BRITANNIA and EVE

JUNE
1946

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F. MATANIA, R.I.

1/3

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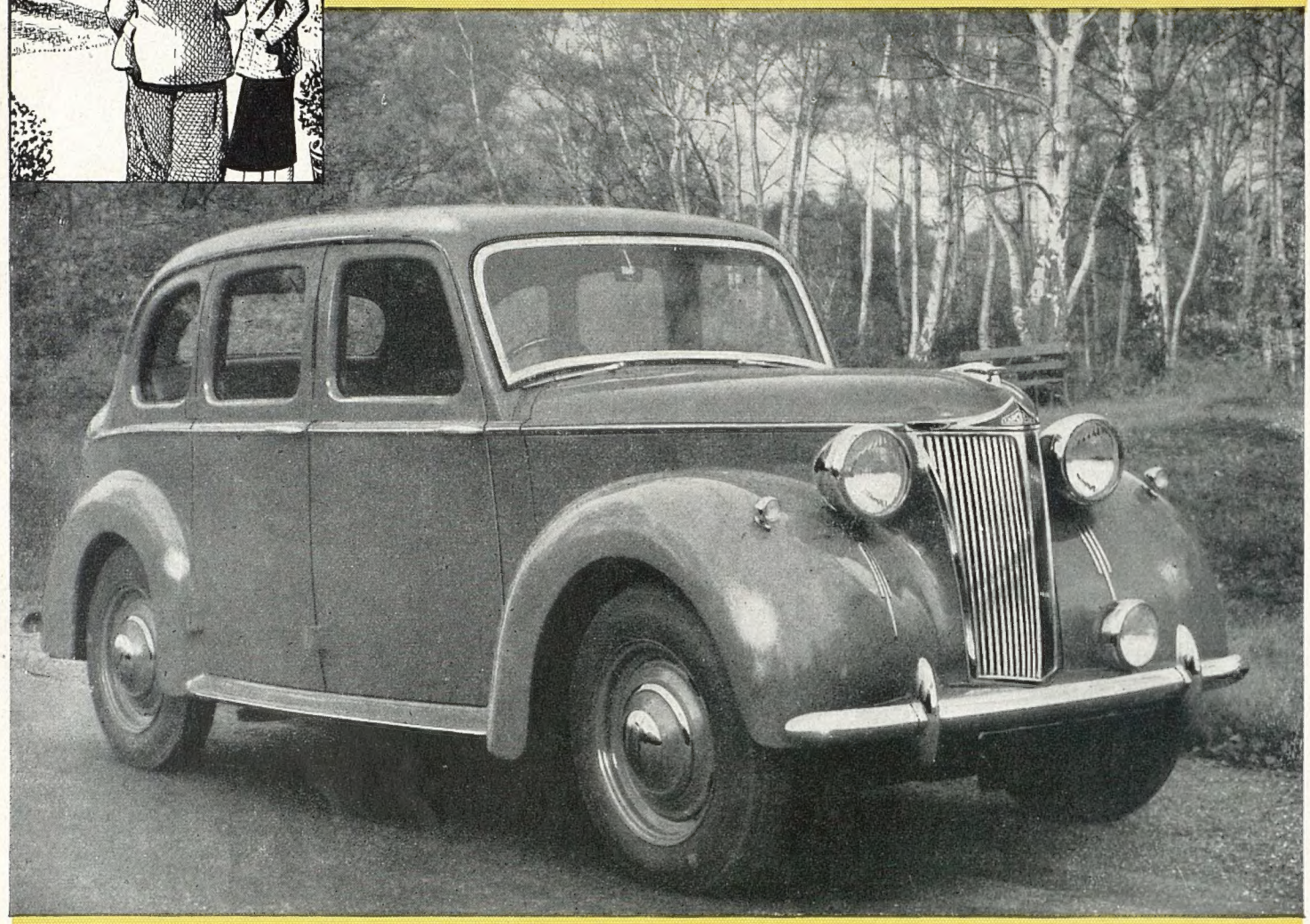

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 32, No. 6 JUNE, 1946

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

Here's to Finger-tips

by **Peggy Sage**

HERE'S TO THE RETURN—very soon—of her exquisite nail polishes. The control of the special ingredients required for their manufacture is gradually being lifted. Peggy Sage hopes that they will arrive in the shops before very long. *Meanwhile* the Peggy Sage nail polishes are available for manicure treatment only, in the Peggy Sage salon—which continues to give its clients every possible attention.

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Green for GO

Why should I eat green vegetables?

"Greens" give you bright eyes, clear skin, go, and sparkle. Green vegetables also help to guard you from infection. In fact, they're a most important protective food.

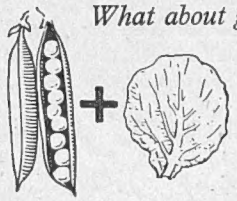
Why do I need greens more when fruit is in short supply?

Because green vegetables contain the important vitamin C — the fresh fruit vitamin.

Which are the best greens for vitamin C?

Brussels sprouts and turnip tops come high. Excellent are spinach, cabbage, cauliflower, broccoli, kale. But all leafy vegetables are good. Parsley and watercress are very high, but cannot conveniently be eaten in as big portions as "greens". Lettuce is not a good source of vitamin C.

What about green peas?



These, and runner, french and broad beans, are not so good for vitamin C. When you serve them have some salad of leafy greens as well, or serve a green salad at another meal during the day. "Something green and raw" in a salad or salad-sandwich every day, in addition to cooked greens every day, is an important health rule. You'll find it adds a delightful touch of freshness to your meals too.

If I can get fruit, do I still need vegetables?

Yes, indeed! Apart from vitamin C, you need vegetables for their vitamin A, a useful bit of vitamin B, and valuable mineral salts.

The secret of Cooking Greens

1. Wash thoroughly but *quickly*.
2. With large-leaved kinds, such as cabbage, the outer leaves of spinach, turnip tops, and so on, shred finely with a sharp knife. This enables them to cook more quickly.
3. Put only enough water in the saucepan to prevent burning — about a teacupful, and add a little salt.
4. Bring the water to the boil first, then put in the greens. Shut down the lid tightly — this is most important.
5. Cook for only 10-15 minutes, shaking occasionally. Drain, saving any water for soup or sauce, and serve the greens at once. Keeping hot or re-heating destroys vitamin C.

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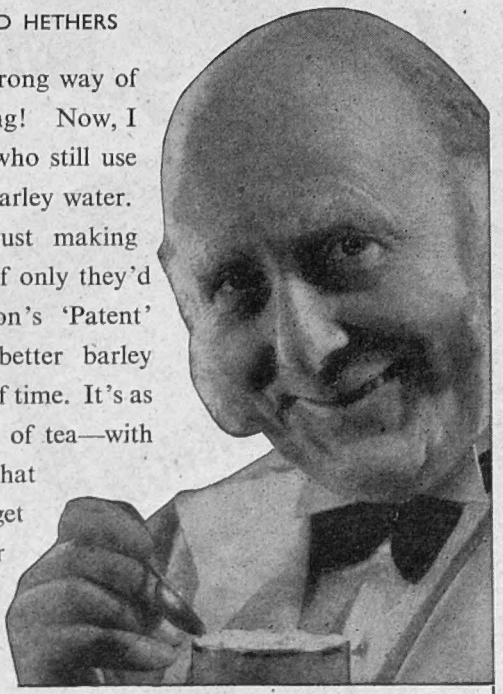
If you'll forgive me saying so

says OLD HETHERS



there's a right and a wrong way of doing every mortal thing! Now, I know a lot of people who still use pearl barley for their barley water. Believe me, they're just making work for themselves. If only they'd get a tin of Robinson's 'Patent' Barley they'd make better barley water and save no end of time. It's as easy to make as a pot of tea—with Robinson's. That's what I'm using till I can get Robinson's Barley Water in bottles again. And if I may say so, I should know . . .

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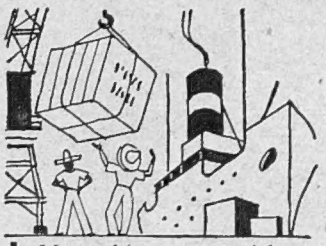
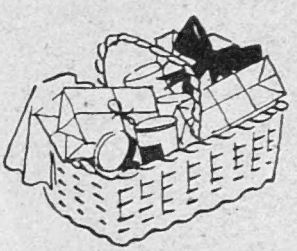


1 Many things we need have to come from abroad. These imports must be bought. But — before Britain can buy, she must earn enough to pay. How does Britain earn?

2 Britain earns by selling her goods or services. To pay for her imports she must export . . . sell her wares overseas in exchange for the things she buys overseas.



3 Once Britain's overseas trade is going full swing, there will be plenty of goods for us at home as well as for our customers abroad. But exports must start the ball rolling.

HERE'S WHERE WE ALL COME IN

4 The more we can help the country to export, the more we'll be helping to import the things that make for comfort and prosperity. Let's buy as little as we can ourselves — and invest our money in National Savings.

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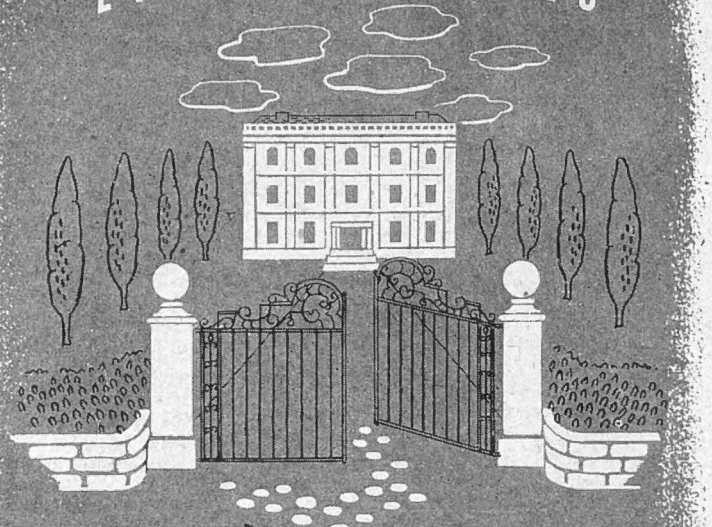

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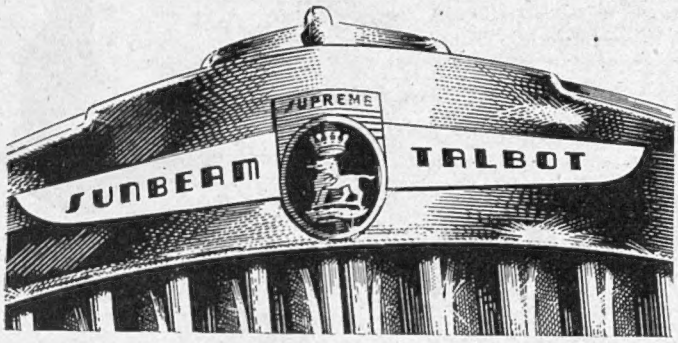

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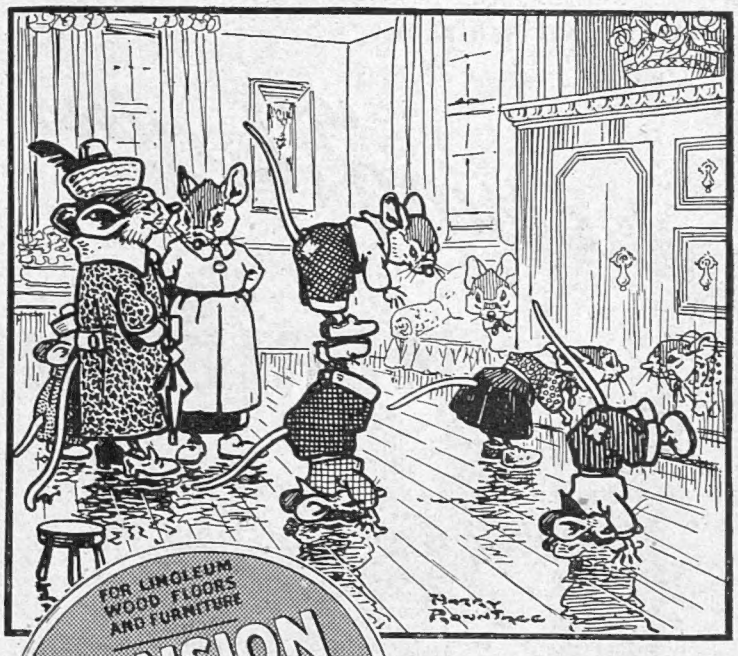

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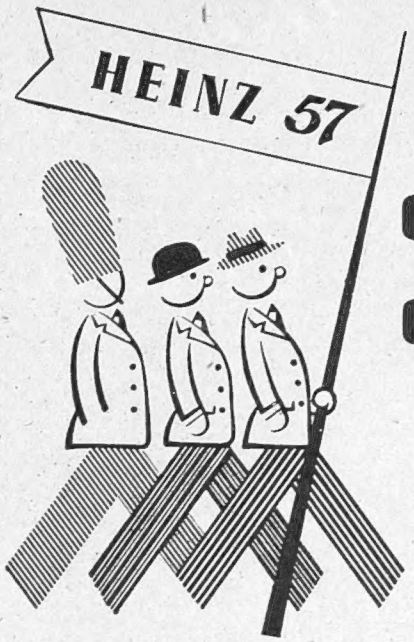

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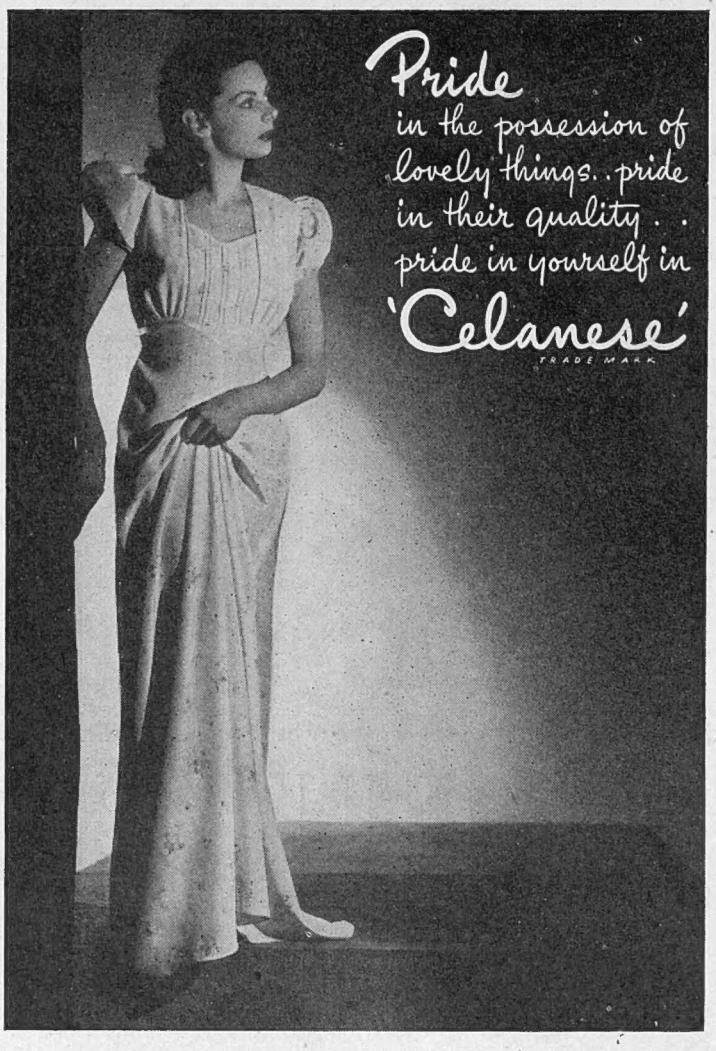

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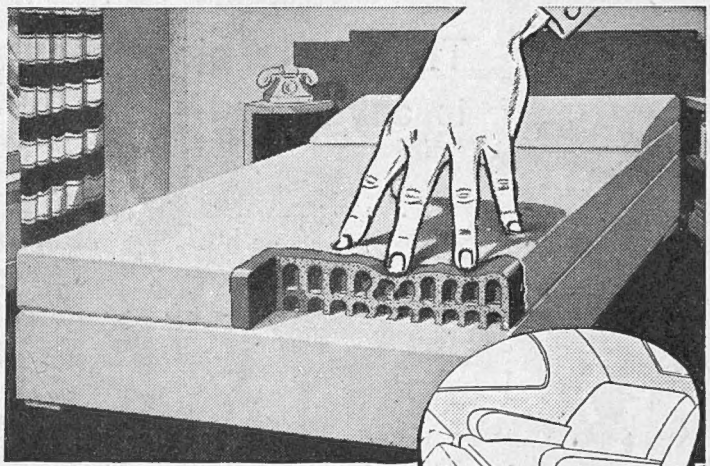

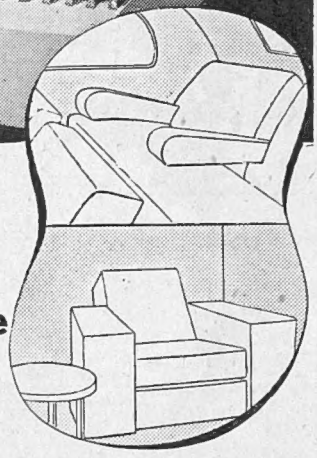

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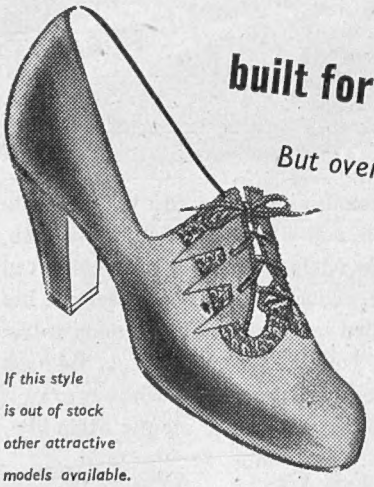


If this style is out of stock other attractive models available.

NORVIC

Norvic Shoe Co., Ltd., Norwich

The captain pitched his helmet on a chair and wiped his streaming face. "What on earth are you talking about?" Tubby gently oscillated his padded chair

Green Tea For The Emir

A Short Story

By

T. Campbell-Rogers

WHEN the aide-de-camp to His Excellency, the Viceroy of India, clattered away from the railway station at Agra, the guns in the old fort were still thundering a royal salute to the Emir of Bara Keel.

From the flat roof of a bunting-draped Government building, Terrance Parker, oval-figured and easy going, watched the lone cavalryman gallop through cleared, flag-bedecked roads lined with soldiers. Banking the route, thousands of dark faces, momentarily diverted, watched the rider approach, turned to follow his furious course.

Captain Hawley, of the Bengal Lancers, his gold-and-scarlet uniform flashing in the brilliant sunlight, came abreast of the building, wheeled sharply through the gate. An orderly mysteriously appeared from nowhere, and held the sweating horse. The officer quickly dismounted, crunched over the red-gravelled drive and disappeared under the portico. "Wonder what the blighter wants?" Terrance Parker muttered as he thrust the binoculars into its case.

When Captain Hawley shouldered into the room he found Tubby at his wide, teak desk.

"Hello. Lost the parade?"

"We're in a hell of a mess!" the captain fumed.

"Oh! What's wrong now?"

"Tea, m'lad. Tea. That's what's wrong." The captain pitched his helmet on a chair and wiped his streaming face.

"What on earth are you talking about?" Tubby gently oscillated his padded chair.

"Just this—green tea. No one thought about that. The Emir drinks green tea. Thought you'd know where some could be obtained."

Tubby spread wide his hands and shrugged. "There's none to be had in Agra."

"Are you serious?"

"Certainly I'm serious." He leaned back in his chair. Tubby could be infuriatingly placid. "When the Dali Lama was here last week we tried to get some. If any searchers could have located the stuff his followers would have done so. Black tea, yes. Green—no." Tubby smacked the desk. "No green tea in Agra or within five hundred miles of the place."

"I say, this is frightful!"

"Is it?" Tubby raised his sandy eyebrows in bored surprise.

"Listen, my good ass. Ten thousand men are likely to die in those border hills if we don't get this tea before four this afternoon."

"Oh, rot! Ask someone else, I'm going to the Viceregal reception." He squinted in the office mirror and ran a finger round his high, starched collar.

"Stop preening!" the captain snapped. "You look like a snooty churchwarden in your black, cut-away coat. This is damned serious business," he warned. "It took the Afghan Commission two years to induce the Emir to visit India. Obsessed with some potty ideas, he was scheming to invade India—must have thought our troops on the frontier posts were the whole of the Empire's forces."

"What an ambitious chump!"

"But a darned dangerous fellow." Hawley lit a cigarette. "Brock, of the Afghan Commission, kept friendly with His Nibs. Well, he agreed to travel as far as the border to meet the Viceroy—morbidly sensitive to *izzut* an' all that. Finally—and God only knows how Brock managed it—the Emir agreed to come to Agra."

An uncomfortable foreboding of trouble in the offing possessed Tubby Parker. "Where does the green tea come in?" he suspiciously inquired.

"Just here, my dear chap." The captain, smiling pleasantly, sat on the edge of the desk and swung a booted leg. "As you know, His Excellency will be putting on a show to impress the Emir. Fifty thousand picked troops are camped around the city. The review starts at two this afternoon. It's going to be an imposing sample of Britain's armed might. By the time tea is served, His Royal Nibs will, we expect, have had an eye-opener."

Tubby got the general drift of the idea. "Effectively, 'feel my biceps,' says the Viceroy to the Emir."

"Exactly. And the tea-fight is likely to ditch the whole show." The captain stopped smiling. "The Emir drinks green tea. To serve him with black tea—damn it, it's unthinkable. Coming on top of the review of armed might and that sort of thing, His Mightiness will take it as a deliberately-staged insult. And that means war on the border. See what I'm getting at?"

There was a strained silence in the office. Like the sound of wind in trees,

came the surge of a multitude. Tubby Parker hurried over to the window. "Here they come!"

Preceded by jangling cavalry, lance pennants gaily fluttering in the cool zephyrs of that clear January morning, bowled a flashing carriage drawn by six horses ridden by gorgeously-uniformed postillions. Under a golden umbrella lounged His Highness the Emir of Bara Keel. A cloth-of-gold coat covered his stocky figure; protruding, restless black eyes set in a heavy-jowled, almond face were feverishly observant, while an unctuous smile plucked at sensuous lips. Top-hatted and urbane, Sir John Carr-Reese, Governor of the Province, sat with his Oriental Majesty and swapped smiles.

Captain Hawley swung off the desk. "At eleven o'clock the Viceroy will return this ceremonious call," he stated. "The review will start at two this afternoon. Round about five tea will be served at the garden-party. Green tea for the Emir . . ."

"Yes, but look here. . . . Does that mean I——"

"Exactly what it means, m'lad," the unfeeling cavalryman grinned. "You 're the genial secretary of Agra municipality—*vide* Press—here 's a marvellous opportunity to show some of that quiet efficiency I 've read about."

Tubby winced. "But this is impossible! You don't understand . . ."

"Get the stuff, m'lad, or your head will be demanded on a charger. That 's orders from way up there. Good huntin'."

"Hold on, Hawley!" Tubby despaired.

But the captain jingled down the corridor.

Tubby Parker dropped into his chair, the hot trappings of unaccustomed formal attire suffocating him. A distant clock tolled. "Nine," Tubby counted. "That gives me . . ." One after another his fingers tapped on the desk. "Seven hours."

He chewed his nails and went into deep review. Hawley was right. To the Oriental mind the insult to *izzut* would be murderously apparent. First the Emir, as sensitive as a sore finger, was persuaded to leave his capital city, and visit the Viceroy in India; a tacit admission of inferior status. Next, the sample of the Empire's fighting forces displayed with all the impressive pomp and circumstance of military pageantry. And then, like a smack in the face, a cup of black tea!

Tubby bounced off the chair and paced the office.

Back at his desk, he rested his throbbing head between damp palms. Slowly a hopeful smile spread. The hotels! Perchance some strange, green-tea-drinking tourists . . .

An hour later he was still telephoning.

And then Brock of the Afghan Commission barged in. He was a big man with a strong face corroded by much weather.

"Well?" Brock demanded.

"I 'm afraid it 's rather hopeless, sir." Tubby dropped the receiver. "I 've tried every hotel; the bazaar was combed when the Dali Lama——" Before the stormy Afghan Commission chief, Tubby sagged like a wilted tailor's dummy.

"Can't you understand that great decisions sometimes hinge on little things? Damn it! We 're depending on you!" His fist smashed on the desk. Tubby jumped as though a fire-cracker had exploded under him. Like pin-points of blue ice, Brock's eyes bored into him.

"Get that green tea—or get out! That 's orders. Can you understand that?"

"But . . . but . . . it 's impossible to obtain——"

"I 'll give you a hint, Parker." Domineering and aggressive, the famed politician bulked over the shrinking man. "I 've just heard that a retired Afghan officer lives in Agra; somewhere near the Pearl Mosque. He might help you. In any case, I expect to see you at four this afternoon bearing offerings of green tea." Sneering lines etched about his stubborn mouth as his hard eyes noted Tubby's striped trousers and spats, black morning

Illustrations by M. Mackinlay

Like the annoying captain, Rose Burnleigh perched herself on the desk and swung a shapely leg. She helped herself to a cigarette

coat and wing-collar. " You 're wearing correct attire to attend your own funeral."

Imperiously the Commissioner turned and descended to a waiting limousine.

" Blast these cunning political moves," Tubby thought. Damn it ! He 'd make that confounded Emir drink black tea even if he had to——. " Koi Hai ! " he yelled for someone. A mild-mannered Hindu clerk stumbled into the room. Tubby thumped the desk. " Pearl Mosque, Afghan officer. Retired. One. Got that ? "

" Yes . . . yes, sir," the Hindu clerk gagged, rolling his eyes.

" Get me the correct address, quickly ! " he shouted. " Don't stand there gibbering at me ! Clear out and get the information ! No—wait." He fumbled with his tie and nervously drummed on the polished teak table. Enunciating every word, he gave his instructions in a deadly calm voice. " Get into a *tonga*. Tell the driver to take you to this Pearl Mosque. Find Afghan officer, retired, one. Bring him here. And be very, very careful that you do this. I 'll give you exactly one hour." With a horrible glare he fixed the unfortunate clerk. Pointing to the door he barked " Out ! "

Wild-eyed, the Hindu clerk turned and stumbled from the office. " The hunt for this poisonous, emerald beverage has now begun." Tubby Parker tragically informed the empty office. " I shall have a drink. Lord knows I need one."

He left for the Agra club. The seclusion of the bar at that hour of the morning was welcome.

When he returned to his office the telephone bell was jangling.

" Oh, hello," Tubby cheerfully greeted.

" That you, Parker ? Where the devil have you been ? "

" Yes, Mr. Brock ? "

" Got that tea yet ? "

" No, I 'm waiting for——"

" Don't wait ! " lashed the harsh voice of Brock. " Get out and find it ! "

With trembling fingers Tubby lit another cigarette from the butt of the one he threw away.

" Afghan officer. Retired. One," chanted the Hindu clerk, and moved aside to admit a huge, barrel-chested, bearded man whose peaked turban towered ceilingwards. Smiling as though a shipment of the elusive stuff had been delivered, Tubby was instantly on his feet. " I 'm delighted you came, er . . ." He looked for insignia of rank on the shoulder-straps of the faded khaki uniform.

" Subahdar Major Mahomed Ali." The giant Afghan's face wreathed in a beatific smile. " Sahib sent for me ? "

" Yes, rather. Do sit down, subahdar major."

The grey-bearded warrior slowly lowered his bulk into a chair. " Your assistance in a little matter will be very welcome," Tubby began.

" Assuredly, you may count on my loyal service." His visitor fondled the hilt of his sword. " Who is your enemy, sahib ? "

" Oh, nothing like that, subahdar major. Nothing like that. Here is my problem. As you doubtless know, your Emir is now in Agra."

" Indeed ; I had the most distinguished honour of saluting His Majesty at the railway station."

" Now, major, the matter is really quite simple, but great decisions sometimes hinge on little things." Tubby calmly put his finger-tips together and oscillated. " Your Emir drinks green tea.

He is our guest. Where can I get the stuff ? "

On the creaking chair Subahdar Major Mahomed Ali heaved with silent laughter. " Sahib, sahib ! " he chortled, and smacked his knee with an enormous hand. " What jest is this ? Many times this morning have I been asked the same question."

" You mean you haven't got any ? "

" I drink no tea, sahib, but assuredly in Bombay or Calcutta this raw tea is to be had ? "

" Bad news ? " the chortling Afghan inquired, his busy eyebrows raised.

" Oh, no." Tubby hooked a finger on either side of his starched collar and yanked. The lumbering warrior rose to go. " May Allah prosper you, sahib."

" Salaam, subahdar major."

The old soldier saluted magnificently and marched heavily down the corridor. Tubby Parker drew circles and viciously jabbed in bull's-eyes. The distant clock tolled. With a hypnotised stare he fixed the blotter.

A COOL vision, in an expensively simple frock, quietly stepped into the office. Between slim, white-gloved fingers she swung a silk parasol and thoughtfully regarded the rumpled Tubby.

" You 're late again, you—you——"

" Rose ! " Tubby leaped from the chair.

" Well, what 's it this time ? Are you going to the reception or aren't you ? Or do I have to find another escort ? "

Tubby ran distressed fingers through his hair.

Like the annoying captain, Rose Burnleigh perched herself on the desk and swung a shapely leg. But she flicked the corner first with a scrap of lace handkerchief. The perfume did not comfort Tubby.

" Well ? Why don't you speak ? "

" Rose, it 's like this." He told her all.

Instantly sympathetic, Rose patted his shoulder.

(*Contd. on page* 68)

Tubby thrust his hands deep in pockets and scowled at an ebony elephant on the desk. The subahdar major eyed him covertly and then began to laugh uproariously. The telephone cut short this inane hilarity.

" Yes, who 's speaking ? "

" Brock. Well ? "

" I 've got the Afghan officer with me in the office."

" Has he got the stuff ? "

" No, but he tells me that——"

" If he can't help you, ask him in kindness to shoot you. It will be easier that way, and the Emir will appreciate our courtesy." Brock hung up.

Before the slow, menacing advance of his implacable foe, Tubby gave ground till the small of his back pressed against the stacked table, blocking further retreat

More than some people would like to get away to places where they can escape the feeling of being fenced in

EDEN— WITHOUT THE ATOM

By Ferdinand Tuohy

Illustrations by Edgar Spenceley

MORE than some people would like to get away to places where they can escape the feeling of being fenced in and nagged, and build a life with a greater appearance of durability than one passed in proximity even to the possibility of atomic war. More rampant than the resembling phenomenon of 1919, the escapist bug is by no means confined to Britain; in France, for example, nearly 1,500,000, mostly in the younger age-groups, wish to emigrate—chiefly to South America.

This is a parallel tendency to our would-be rush, chiefly to Australia, except that the wish to depart has assumed altogether abnormal proportions in the case of the usually stay-at-home French. There is, however, one novel aspect this time. You might call it "building castles in the air age." So many are dreaming dreams along new lines, that some are bound to come true, if others appear to have "failure" affixed to them in advance.

To emulate in the Antarctic the Russians' pioneering scientific expeditions

Making one's living round the world, by communal yacht, holds high attraction, and I expect there will be emulators of Twentieth Century Venturers who acquired the big M.Y. *Sayonara* which long used to decorate Cannes, and propose to sail her as an exhibition ship of British goods. The foreigner will come aboard, and from what he sees displayed on stands, will give orders for bicycles, light machinery, electrical equipment, radio sets, fancy goods and textiles. I give this idea as typical of others up the same street (or sheet of water) that are sure to follow.

Rather less sure of bearing fruit is the project of former Group Captain Cheshire, V.C., who has lined up 200 young men ready to form "Commandos of Peace"—for instance, to emulate in the Antarctic the Russians' pioneering scientific expeditions along the Arctic fringe. A second offer is to prospect in the largely untapped Burmese Jungle. "Hard, useful, enterprising, pioneer work is wanted by a body of youngish men, adventurous in spirit, intelligent, brave and fit for any job, whether a test of endurance or of nerve," runs the specification, though the job must be far away from the humdrum, prosaic, frayed and tattered western world.

Then there is the unvarnished hitch-hiker, a sort of glorified beachcomber, who is springing from these restless, frustrated times of craving for a more natural and less regulated existence. Why stay all your life in one place, say these enthusiasts. Step out and see the world and take pot-luck as you go! Mrs. Joyce Ratings and girl friend, who part-worked their passages to South Africa in the 250-ton wooden yacht *Merasheen* and plan to go round the world in cargo-boats, are symptomatic of this inclination.

And then there are islands large, small and tiny. Islands, islands! never can the lure of islands have been so strong. One gentleman who thinks of renting Herm, a Channel speck of fifty-three inhabitants, roundly declares that the island is the answer to the atom-bomb. Yet I fancy the real lure of islands comes from reading, amid the grey morning menu splashed with obviously striven-for patches of sunlight, which is the average daily newspaper, an excerpt such as this:

"Norfolk Island, 1,000 miles out in the South Pacific, where some of the *Bounty* men landed, echoed to the old Tahitian song of farewell, from a group of island girls, as the Duke and Duchess (of Gloucester) left. A prior picnic lunch was a traditional island feast. Beneath towering pines the royal guests sat on the grass before a table-cloth fifty yards long, almost hidden by platters of cold poultry and meats, with which was served *pilihi* made of sweet potatoes, sprinkled with coconut and seasoned. There were many fruit juices and great jugs of cream. The island is unrationed and the free and easy life was well illustrated by hundreds of islanders squatting round the table-cloth and talking without reserve in a quaint mixture of old-fashioned west-country English and Tahitian."

Or this:

"Bali, formerly reputed to be the 'last paradise on earth,' retains all its wonted charm (after the Japanese occupation) and is a haven of peace and plenty in a troubled world. What these peace-loving people want are settled conditions in which to cultivate their fields, (*Continued on page* 52)

The radio, new vaccines and drugs, refrigerators, dehydrated and canned foods, the air mail, and talkies, when taken together, do nothing less than revolutionize domestic existence at back-of-beyond spots

ENGLAND In The Olden Time

Everyday Life in the Eighteenth Century

By G. Bernard Wood

The Windmill Inn and the shop of Samuel Harvie, pewterer, seen in the reconstructed Old English Street in York Castle Museum

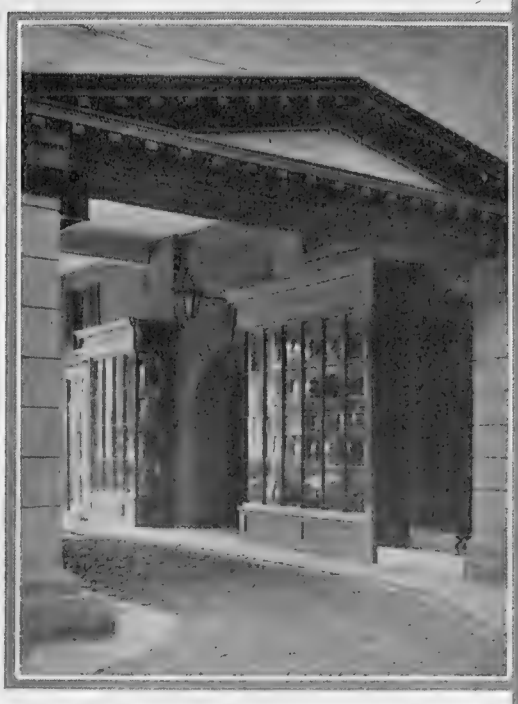
YORK has long been famous for its medieval and Georgian streets, but just before the war a new "old" street was added to the city's attractions.

In Stonegate, Petergate and the Shambles you get the picturesque *framework* of a bygone way of life, which, fortunately, can also be seen at Chester, Coventry and Warwick. But in the Old English Street which has been reconstructed within the Castle Museum, York, you get well-nigh the full embodiment of the coaching era. Shops, dwellings, and other features of a typical street in some old market town are complete in every detail, save only for the figures who once peopled them. But wait! On several occasions since this remarkable museum was opened in 1938, players from the local theatre have come here in period costume to breathe life into the community suggested by the shops of apothecary, pewterer, coppersmith, toy-dealer, snuff-maker, etc., and by the stage-coach just brought to a halt, it would seem, beside the Windmill Inn.

The film which put the players' most recent appearance on record is England's nearest approach to what readers of H. G. Wells might hope to achive with his Time Machine if the regulator were turned back two or three centuries. For it recaptures the daily life of our ancestors

(On right) Interior of a moorland farmer's cottage, with its "four-poster" and peat fire

(Below) The main section of the street is named Kirkgate, the other Alderman's Walk. Alderman's Walk seen from Tudor House



The pump corner, where the sedan-chair men rudely jostled the country folk aside to set down their passengers

in true and lively perspective. Yet every beholder of this Street can, in imagination, stage his own engaging little scenes.

Consider first, the setting. Ranged on either side of an L-shaped cobbled way, the buildings are in almost every instance genuine examples of their period. Many of the shops, with their quaint "stick-out windows with small panes of glass through which," said Mary Worsley (a typical lady of the eighteenth century) in her diary, "you . . . peer at the goods displayed behind them," were rescued from old parts of the York she knew 200 years ago; while the lovely half-timbered Tudor dwelling of three stories which dominates the Street, as though it were the "town house" of my Lord and Lady, was set up, piece by piece, just as it originally stood in Stamford, Lincs.

This, the main section of the Street, is named Kirkgate after the late Dr. J. L. Kirk, a local antiquary, whose wonderful collection of bygones this unique museum was designed to accommodate. The other section, branching left between the Windmill Inn and the shop of Samuel Harvie, pewterer (this shop-front came from Bath), is more furtive in character, suggesting amorous whisperings and the secret rendezvous, though the corner might reassure the sternest chaperone under its name of Alderman's Walk and with the elegant shops where you can see the latest thing in hoop dresses, or buy the best Brazilian snuff.

When, like Mary Worsley, you begin to peer within the quaint shop-windows, the comforts, cures, and fascinations of the past come fully into your ken. There is Samuel Harvie displaying as fine a show of pewter as the provinces can produce. That gaitered figure by the window, now. Surely it is Archbishop Herring considering whether he shall present to his favourite church one of those pricket candlesticks for the altar, or that pewter alms dish.

Nearby, Peter Pickering, the apothecary, sets forth every known remedy for those who feel, with a celebrated eighteenth-century worthy, that "my stomach fails and I am a gone man." Dr. Burton of York—he whom (*Continued on page* 62)

(On left) Two of the quaint little shops in the Old English Street

Playground Business

By C. Patrick Thompson

ON the seafront guns hissed, hammered and thudded. Spray guns decently clothing, in creamy white and fresh bright green paint, half-naked and long-neglected iron and wood. Riveting guns, fixing new girders to close a breach torn in the long pier five years ago, when men visualized a grey-green invading horde using it as a handy gangplank from Channel to Sussex shore. Pneumatic pick-guns rending the last of the concrete shore defences.

Another resort town was reconverting at speed to catch the summer holiday trade.

"It's going to cost millions—five, for the overall programme," my guide told me. "But it'll be a good investment. We were running down before the war. The French were milking our spring and summer trade; the Swiss, Italians and Austrians, our autumn and winter trade; and the cruise ships were taking people who had been coming to us regularly for half their lives. Our hotels were run-down and our boarding houses shabby.

"Now"—he grinned—"with shipping tied up for years, travel difficult, Europe in a mess, and the French with an exchange rate that makes lunch for two cost a tenner, and dinner for four thirty quid, we're all set to do boom business."

"Boom business!" I'd heard that before, in several languages and countries, from Press agents and entrepreneurs giving me a preview or back-stage look at their seasonal playground's new set-up. But booms don't last. Competition is the only thing that is there all the time—especially in the great gamble that is playground business.

Not that there will be much competition to worry about for a while in a holiday-starved world. Still, there's plenty gathering. Some of it is new. Most of England's 50,000 resort boarding-house keepers, for instance, are wondering what holiday camps portend.

Butlin's shares, which you could buy at their par of 5s. four years ago, jumped last March-April from 45s. to 75s., discounting dividends of 75 per cent to come on the original equity capital of this enterprise, which hasn't paid a dividend since 1938. Will an expanded holiday trade make room for all? Or will the camps milk the boarding-houses and low-price hotels, as the Riviera sun lands pre-war milked Bournemouth and Brighton, and the Swiss snowlands the Cornish winter season trade?

That interrogation mark bothers a large section of the home holiday trade. Other and larger queries overhang the international-competition scene. Only current travel and exchange difficulties stop England's monied holiday-makers from emptying into Eire, which offers all a British resort has, plus limitless good food, and whisky at half London prices; into Portugal and Switzerland, where the same conditions prevail, plus petrol off the ration; into Spain, where, although the populace is half-starved, the foreign visitor can live fatly in the good hotels if he has the price—it's part of a government policy to get foreign exchange, just as British government policy, for the same reason, diverts to foreign buyers motor cars, whisky, silk stockings, luxury clothes, and other things which the home citizenry want but may not buy.

This pull, of course, will ease or disappear if, by the time international competition gets into full swing, food is abundant again. Then the magic words, "bacon-and-eggs," and "thick juicy steaks," will sound less like a siren song, luring the holiday-maker more powerfully than the promise of grass-skirted hula-hula girls, surf bathing in tropical seas, and dancing to Argentine rhythms in the jasmine-scented night.

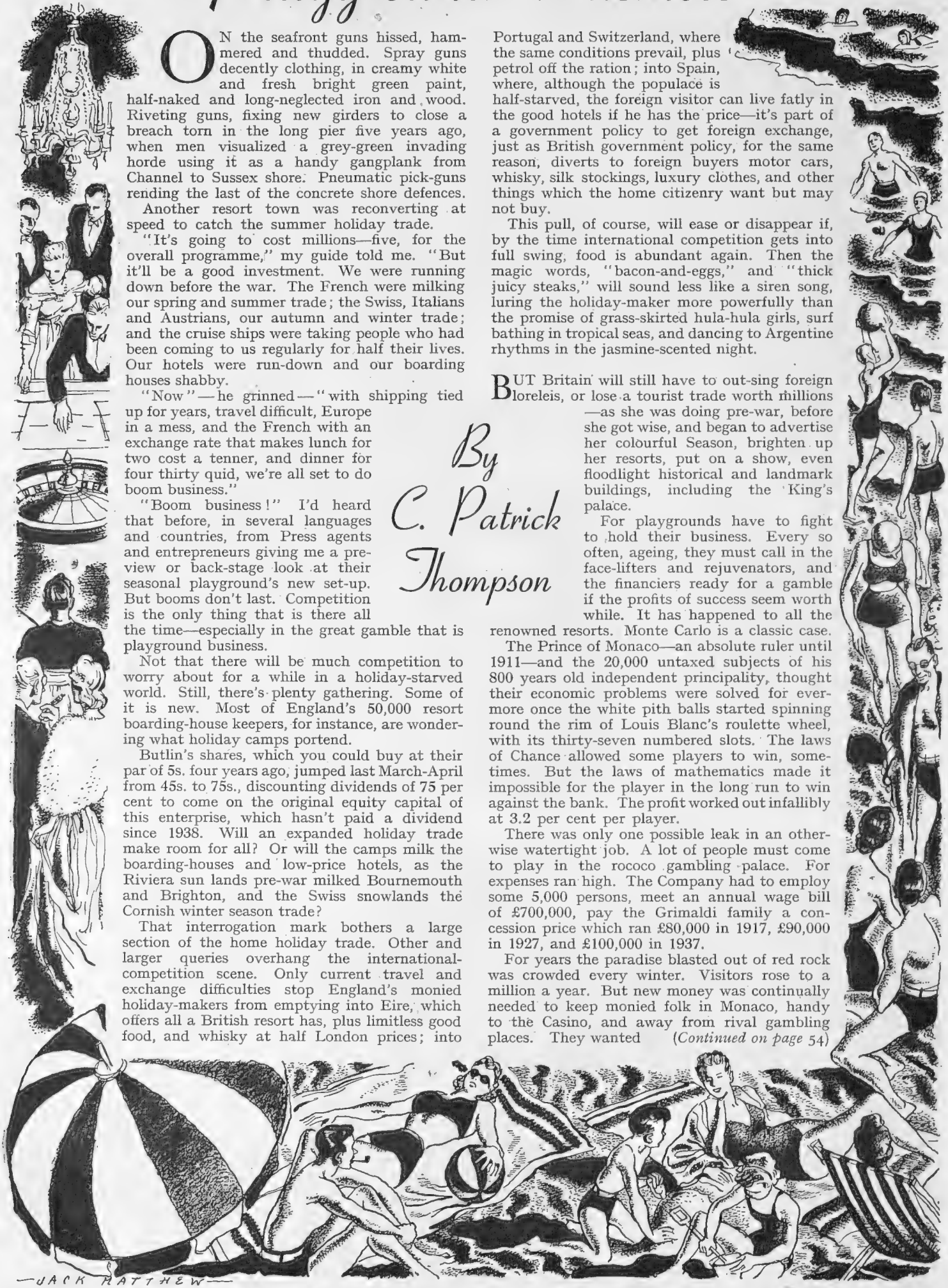
BUT Britain will still have to out-sing foreign loreleis, or lose a tourist trade worth millions—as she was doing pre-war, before she got wise, and began to advertise her colourful Season, brighten up her resorts, put on a show, even floodlight historical and landmark buildings, including the King's palace.

For playgrounds have to fight to hold their business. Every so often, ageing, they must call in the face-lifters and rejuvenators, and the financiers ready for a gamble if the profits of success seem worth while. It has happened to all the renowned resorts. Monte Carlo is a classic case.

The Prince of Monaco—an absolute ruler until 1911—and the 20,000 untaxed subjects of his 800 years old independent principality, thought their economic problems were solved for evermore once the white pith balls started spinning round the rim of Louis Blanc's roulette wheel, with its thirty-seven numbered slots. The laws of Chance allowed some players to win, sometimes. But the laws of mathematics made it impossible for the player in the long run to win against the bank. The profit worked out infallibly at 3.2 per cent per player.

There was only one possible leak in an otherwise watertight job. A lot of people must come to play in the rococo gambling palace. For expenses ran high. The Company had to employ some 5,000 persons, meet an annual wage bill of £700,000, pay the Grimaldi family a concession price which ran £80,000 in 1917, £90,000 in 1927, and £100,000 in 1937.

For years the paradise blasted out of red rock was crowded every winter. Visitors rose to a million a year. But new money was continually needed to keep monied folk in Monaco, handy to the Casino, and away from rival gambling places. They wanted (*Continued on page* 54)



—JACK MATTHEW—

SHE took a revolver from her bag and tapped Wong playfully on the nose with the butt

Made To Measure

A Crook's Well-Laid Plan Which Went Awry

By Stanley Jackson

HE was just buying himself a cup of tea from the platform-trolley when the voice reached him. He whirled round and caught a quick glimpse of a bulgy little woman in a mink coat, baby-blue eyes in a face of lard, and a bobbing mass of peroxided curls. A tired-looking porter was rubbing his chin in dismay while she pointed out her luggage.

"The trunk and suitcases go in the van," she was saying. "I'll take the hat-box with me." The porter muttered something but she brushed it aside with a frown. "Certainly not! Wong shall travel with his mummy. Won't he, darling?" She scooped up a ball of angry-looking fur and pressed it to her large bosom, and all her ringlets began bobbing in an ecstasy of mother love. The Peke's button eyes glared at the porter.

Terry turned away with a grin. Poor old Sarah, she hadn't changed much. Still, judging from the Peke and that mink coat, she was doing quite nicely.

"Terry! Terry, darling!" A shiver went through him and he had a wild impulse to abandon his cup of tea and make a dash for it. Before he quite knew what was happening two mink sleeves were round his neck, a dimpled cheek was pressing against his face and a writhing mass of fur snarled for instant release.

"What a surprise, darling!" squeaked Sarah. "Do hold Wong for a minute while I settle with this dolt of a porter. Quite a moron, poor fellow," she added in something more than a stage whisper. "Now, dear, say hallo to Terry. He's a very old friend of mummy's," she said winningly.

Terry made a half-hearted effort to stroke the back of its neck but, apparently, the move was ill-considered or, possibly, Wong had sensed hostility in this tall, lean stranger whose cold mackintosh was so much less comforting than mink. He screwed up his eyes and snapped so sharply at Terry's thumb that he let out a howl of pain.

Sarah spun round with a dazzling smile. "Aren't they sweet?" she remarked to the porter. "Playing like old friends already."

Having at last got rid of her luggage she came billowing along the platform with her hat-box. Terry's quick eyes noted the initials, "S.B." and he raised surprised eyebrows.

"Married again, Sarah?" he murmured.

"Silly boy," she laughed. "No, dear, but I thought it might be a good thing to change my name." She gave a heavy sigh that rattled her enormous rope of pearls. "Poor Aubrey. If only he were here now."

For a second or two they were lost in private reverie and each would have been surprised at what was flicking through the other's mind. What luck to meet Terry here, at Paddington, she was thinking. He's better-looking than ever, though rather thinner than in the old days. Just like the hand of Fate to meet him now. But I mustn't look too eager. . . .

Yes, I do wish Aubrey were here, Terry reflected grimly. I'd have one or two little matters to take up with him. Like letting me take the rap, for instance, for that job on the *Orania*. It hadn't been funny landing at New York with two burly detectives as escorts and your hands neatly united by handcuffs. It was even less amusing to see Alice and Aubrey stepping pompously ashore, flanked by obsequious stewards. You'd never have guessed that Aubrey's fertile brain had organized the rigged game of poker that had ended so disastrously for his accomplice. With his tall, spare figure immaculate in Harris tweed, the felt hat twirled flippantly at the brim, his handsome old face tanned to a crisp brown, he looked exactly as he had described himself on the ship's register—Lt. Colonel Pike-Christie, Indian Army (retired). The Scotland Yard records had a list of many such distinguished titles under his picture which was neatly filed in the cabinet reserved for con. men and card-

sharpers on transatlantic liners—"deep sea fishermen" as the authorities preferred to call them. Aubrey might at least have hired a lawyer to defend him. He shrugged his shoulders. It was all over now . . . eight years, almost, since that game of poker in the American Senator's cabin . . . and Aubrey would never deal another hand of stud. . . .

He passed her a cup of tea and she took it with a grateful smile.

"You *are* sweet, darling," she murmured. Her little eyes slid over him from the stiff brown trilby hat to the sturdy-looking brogues. He gave a little laugh.

"No comments, please," he said quietly. "It's my demob outfit."

She gave a squeak of surprise.

"How sweet! How utterly sweet!" she exclaimed. "And how many Huns did you shoot down?"

"None. Not a sausage," he said drily. "Matter of fact, I was in the Army. The P.B.I. Footslogging." He caught a disappointed flicker on her face.

"Don't take it so badly, Sarah," he chuckled. "I rose to the mighty rank of corporal."

She sipped her tea delicately, the china-blue eyes lost in a far-away look. "Where are you off to, dear?" she asked slowly.

"You'll never forgive me for this," he said mockingly, "but I'm going to a job. As a waiter. I got interested in catering while I was in the army." He lit a cigarette and inhaled thoughtfully. "When I've saved some cash I might open a little café or a restaurant of my own one day."

HER eyes followed him round the ballroom while he was dancing with Pam

Sarah jerked her head in surprise. "A waiter!" she breathed, shocked. "You, one of the best operators in the game."

"Don't worry about me," he said quietly. "That last stretch in the cooler gave me something to chew on." He dragged on his cigarette. "I haven't pulled a job since, believe it or not."

Sarah gave him a puzzled look, then her eyes strayed back to his mackintosh.

"Well, keep in touch," she said brightly. "I'll be at the Grand Oaks Hotel, Dormington, near Maidenhead, for the next month. In fact, I'm on my way there now."

He gave a start of surprise. "Well, I'm dashed," he muttered.

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.

"That's where I'm starting on this job."

Sarah clapped her plump hands with delight. "It's fate, dear," she bubbled gleefully, taking him by the arm. "I want to ask your advice about something. We'll talk it over in the train."

"I'm going third," he said bluntly. She put a finger to his lips.

"You're coming first class with Wong and me," she said firmly. "We insist, don't we, darling?"

It was an empty carriage and Sarah babbled on. Now and then, Terry tried to put a word in but with little hope of stemming that eager tide. Finally, he gave up the effort and settled back comfortably. So Aubrey's sorrowing widow was carrying on the old tradition! This couple at the hotel seemed to be the answer to a con. man's prayer.

"Just made to measure," Sarah said blissfully. "Australians, you know, and simply bursting with lucre. I met them down there last weekend." She spread her plump hands. "We played bridge. The father's charming, and *so* hospitable. Bottle of fizz on the table at dinner every night." She gave a little sigh and the pearls began to rattle again on her bosom. "The girl's a peach. And *such* clothes!" She shot a narrow glance at Terry. "What a pity you haven't got some decent togs. You used to be such a snappy dresser." She sighed again, even more wistfully.

There was a short silence. Suddenly she pointed her cigarette-holder at him.

"Never mind clothes," she said briskly. "You're my nephew just demobbed. Yes, that's the ticket." She gave a little delighted gurgle. "Anyway, you've got a dress-suit."

"Aubrey certainly taught you the drill," he murmured with a grin. "But you're wasting your time. I'm wearing that dress-suit at the Four Oaks—but with a black tie." He surveyed her gravely. "I meant it when I said I was through with crime."

"Don't be a fool," she snapped. In quick, staccato phrases she outlined her scheme. It was worthy of Aubrey at his best, he admitted grudgingly. Sarah would pose as a wealthy widow and gain the Australian's confidence. When the moment was ripe she would spring a hard-luck story about an unfortunate deal on the Stock Exchange. Terry could see it all. Sarah, her blue eyes sparkling with tears, allowing the Australian magnate to help her.

"I need £10,000 to settle with my broker," she would stammer tearfully. "But I won't accept charity. No, you must take my jewels as security." To judge from that rope of pearls on her bosom Terry guessed that she must have quite a raft of jewels, relics no doubt of some of Aubrey's "deals" in the past. The Australian would probably be satisfied to take such a collection as security.

Only he wouldn't get them. Sarah would switch a caseful of "jargoons," clever imitations, and skip before her victim knew what had happened.

"It would be so easy if Aubrey were here," she sniffed. Then, after a sly pause. "You will give me a hand, won't you, Terry? Just for old times' sake? All you have to do is be pleasant to the girl. She's a beauty. . . ."

He shook his head. "Not interested," he said briefly.

Her cheek dimpled and the blue eyes looked as round and clear as a child's. "All right," she said cheerfully. "Let's forget it. There's still no reason why you shouldn't come as my guest." She leaned forward earnestly and tapped him on the knee with her cigarette-holder. "Good food, plenty of sport, dancing every night. . . I'll foot the bill." She fluttered her eyelashes. "After all, we owe you something, Terry. Aubrey was awfully worried about you that time in New York." Her face screwed up in a tearful smile. "Just relax and have a good holiday. You've deserved it, poor dear."

He lit another cigarette as the train flashed past Twyford. Soon be in, he thought absently. Well, she was right about one thing, anyway. The holiday would be a trifle on account of what Aubrey had owed him. Not that his widow was being altruistic about this "little holiday." He grinned as he studied her eager face. It would even the account if he botched her little trap for the Australian. Then a tiny alarm bell jingled in a corner of his brain. I'll have to watch my step, though . . . Sarah was no fool. . . .

"What about my job?" he asked mildly.

He saw the flicker of relief in her eyes. She thinks I'm nicely hooked, he thought with an inward smile. She was opening her handbag. From a bulky wallet she drew out a wad of crisp fivers.

"Here you are, my boy," she said genially, passing him four of the notes. "This will soften your disappointment. You can always go back to waitering if you want to. . . ."

He slipped the fivers into his breast-pocket. "How do you know I won't double-cross you?" he said lightly. "What's to stop me sweeping this rich lovely off her feet, leaving you high and dry? It would do me some good with the old man to warn him that you were all organized to separate him from ten thousand of the best." He laughed and puffed a cloud of smoke in Wong's disgruntled face. "If they've got all the cash you say, I don't mind opening my restaurant in Sydney or Melbourne."

She shook her head slowly. "You won't do that, ducky," she murmured, "because I might tell Mr. Hislop a few things about you." She stared out of the window and began to hum a tune. "He wouldn't want a jailbird in the family." She slanted a quick glance at him. "No, my boy," she said blandly. "You will neither marry the girl nor double-cross me. I've got several friends in Town, you know, and I can also take care of myself." She took a revolver from her bag and tapped Wong playfully on the nose with the butt. "Nice gentleman will play ball with mummy, eh?"

Terry gaped. He had never known Aubrey carry a gun in all their time together. Somehow, the woman opposite had changed before his very eyes. The flabby mask had slipped. She looked taut, dangerous, (*Continued on page 56*)

(On right) The Orangery, Blenheim Palace, near Oxford. Blenheim Palace, the second largest private house in the country, was the nation's offering to that first, victorious Duke of Marlborough

Other People's Gardens

By Wilma Buckley

A TOUR round a beautiful garden can be productive of varied but stimulating sensations. The enviously disposed will come away feeling dissatisfied with their own little patch; the ambitious will fly to gardening book and catalogue, in an attempt to reproduce something of the glories they have seen; the gardenless town-dweller will gain an unaccustomed pleasure.

In addition, there is the very natural sense of privilege engendered by the opportunity to explore what is usually private territory; this applies to those gardens which, under the National Gardens Scheme, are opened to the public by their owners in aid of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing. A lovely excursion for a summer's day to some, perhaps, centuries-old perspective of terraced walk, lawn and lily pond . . . sometimes the green-bowered castle, the historic mansion, may be viewed as well, and in many places even the homely comfort of tea is obtainable.

During the war the Royal Gardens were closed to visitors, but this year Sandringham, Coppins, Harewood House and Frogmore (a new addition to the list, by kind permission of His Majesty) may all be seen. The grounds and gardens of certain Royal Air Force stations are also open to visitors—a very twentieth-century venture.

Some of the gardens are interesting, not only in themselves but for their association with ancient tradition or with famous characters. Thus we can see Bateman's, at Burwash, in Sussex, the home of Rudyard Kipling; Wind's Point, near Malvern, where lived the singer, Jenny Lind; Rydal Mount, at Ambleside, haunt of the Lake poets; Hever Castle, in Kent, childhood home of Anne Boleyn; Knole Park, near Sevenoaks, woven for ever into the complex tapestry of English history; Hinton Ampner in Buckinghamshire, celebrated in Victorian days as the former site of authentic eighteenth-century ghostly hauntings (see Lord Halifax's *Ghost Book*); and Blenheim Palace, the nation's offering to that first, victorious Duke of Marlborough, the second largest private house in the country.

Certain gardens show unusual features or beauty of a special nature. Moated (*Continued on page* 64)

A pre-war view of the Dairy Garden at Sandringham. The gardens are again open to the public

Another view of the beautiful gardens at Sandringham. This photograph, taken in early summer, shows the lily pond

(Copyright "Country Life")

Old Tales Re-told

The "Grand Debauch" of Conn O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone

Illustrated by
F. Matania, R.I.

IN the year 1542 it was found expedient for Henry the Eighth, that able but much-harassed monarch, to do something or other to keep the Irish quiet. Henry decided to make Conn O'Neill, an uncrowned King of Ulster, Earl of Tyrone. The ceremony was heralded by trumpets, pomp and circumstance, and plenty of mental Irish

Henry the Eighth eyed the suite of hairy, bareheaded gallow-glasses in bright yellow shirts, armed with battleaxes a century out of date

reservations. He might as well have tried to placate an enraged bull-elephant. Conn was a big, red-bearded man of thirty, with a fleshy face, hairy arms and the body of a Hercules.

"It's a racket!" roared Conn to his followers from Ulster, which included a bishop, after the brilliant ceremonial at Greenwich. "This earl's robe cost me twenty pounds. I had to pay ten pounds to that fat Officer-at-Arms, and tip the captain of the trumpeters forty good

shillings. Tips, tips, tips! All the English want is money. They 've skinned me alive, bad cess to them! You guzzlers have eaten me out of house and home, and at Cheapside we couldn't fill our bishop with wine. One of you disgraced me by trying to eat a salt-cellar. Back to Ulster, boys, where the whisky 's twopence a quart. I 'm the first Earl of Tyrone now, begorra, and when we get back to Castlereagh we 'll have a grand debauch to celebrate."

" That 's the style, begob! " bellowed the followers. " More power to yer elbow, Conn, me bucko! "

WHEN Conn O'Neill and his clan got back to Castlereagh, on the brow of the County Down hills, a few miles from Belfast, preparations were at once begun for the promised " grand debauch."

To Conn's disappointment, there wasn't enough wine in his cellars. There were lashings of whisky, hundreds of sheep, goats and oxen, bread and fruit, but no wine.

" We can't have a decent debauch without wine! " bellowed Conn. " The harpers won't play for the dancing unless they 're half-drunk. D'ye want to disgrace me before the neighbours? Send a ship to Spain immediately. Pack her with corn, hides, wool, lint, whisky, anything they like, and tell them to send by return their value in the best Spanish wine. Hurry! This time they needn't send me any silks, Toledo blades or battleaxes; all I want is wine."

The ship, loaded to the decks, was soon ready to sail for sunny Spain, and Conn waited impatiently; it was a long voyage 400 years ago.

Meanwhile, the English garrison established at Belfast Castle heard enviously of the preparations for the " grand debauch." Their leader was Sir Antony St. Leger, Lord Deputy for Ireland, a man who enjoyed a goblet of good wine as well as Conn O'Neill.

" We 'll wait until the ship returns from Spain," said St. Leger to his captain. " I 'll confiscate the lot, for not a barrel of that wine will ever pay a farthing of duty. Conn will never suspect and we 'll wait at his little sandy creek near Connswater."

The ship from Spain arrived. Much to the clan's fury, the English soldiers collared the cargo " in the name of the King," and proceeded to roll the barrels of wine along the sand in the direction of Belfast.

Conn had only sent a dozen unarmed men to the creek, and they were quite unprepared to do battle with the soldiers.

When he heard the terrible news Conn O'Neill was stupefied. He had smuggled briskly for years and none had said him nay. He gathered his clan around him in the great hall of Castlereagh and, after swearing for ten minutes in raucous, full-blooded Irish oaths, he raised his right hand on high—a red but hairy hand of Ulster the size of a ham.

" Clan of the O'Neills! " roared Conn, his big body shaking with fury. " If you don't avenge this insult and get me back that cargo of wine—every barrel, mind—you 'll never serve me or Ulster again. These dirty, bawdy Sassenach soldiers have insulted your chieftain, Conn O'Neill. By the souls of my father and his ancestors, who 've always been kings of Ulster, I swear by this raised right hand we 'll have our revenge! We 've time to catch them at the Belfast ford. Are you with me? "

" To a man! " shouted his thirsty clan,

The fight was short, but the inflamed clan of Conn O'Neill won easily

" Call me ' Your Lordship ' in future," chuckled Conn, wriggling coyly.

A bellow of cynical derision followed this sally.

HENRY heard about Conn's disgruntled speech and called the uneasy Ulster clan together to say farewell. He eyed the suite of hairy, bareheaded gallowglasses in bright yellow shirts, armed with battleaxes a century out of date. " They look as if they 'd come from the wastes of Siberia," he whispered to his minister, Cranmer, who grunted.

The English king reluctantly gave Conn a gold chain which had cost him £65 10s. 2d., and heaved a big sigh of relief when the men of Ulster departed, as he had other things to think about. He wondered would Katharine Parr chance it and become his sixth wife. The English ladies at Court, deeply interested in Conn, were sorry he had to leave. They had heard he had swarms of children, and had made it a rule never to refuse paternity to anyone.

and grabbing battleaxes and spears from the walls of Castlereagh, they rushed out yelling their war-cry to do battle with the English soldiers and get back their precious wine.

The inflamed clan of O'Neill won easily ; they were five to one. The fight was short and sharp, but, alas for Conn, some English soldiers were killed which, to Lord Deputy St. Leger's mind, amounted to making war on his King He had looked forward to drinking the wine from Spain and putting one over O'Neill, and was much disappointed.

" You 've killed my men," frowned

The Earl of Tyrone was an important prisoner and was allowed liberties in prison, which included daily visits from his beautiful wife Alice

St. Leger. " That 's high treason. The penalty is death. I must assert my royal authority and arrest you."

" Bah ! " snorted Conn. " Your soldiers stole my wine. They ought to be hanged."

" My orders. That wine paid no Customs duty."

" Pah ! Never paid duty in my life, and never shall."

" You haven't heard the last of this, O'Neill. It 's my move."

" Pooh ! Move your damndest ! Henry the Eighth and I are the best of friends. Come and get me any time you feel like it, St. Leger."

The Lord Deputy did not show his hand until the morning after the " grand debauch." He arrived at Castlereagh with all the soldiers he could muster and found Conn O'Neill and his clan in a drunken sleep. The new Earl of Tyrone woke in a cell called the " Lion's Den " in Carrickfergus Castle, overlooking Belfast Lough, and was in no condition to do anything about it.

CONN'S young wife, Alice, was a tall girl of twenty, a brunette with black eyes, red cheeks, and a firm, pointed chin, brave, resolute, determined.

Despite the muttered protestations of the men, Alice stripped and plunged into the sea

She was one of the best swimmers in Ireland.

The Earl of Tyrone was an important prisoner and was allowed liberties in Carrickfergus which included daily visits from Alice, whose peering eyes soon spied out the lay of the land with a view to Conn's escape.

With her provisions one day she brought two cheeses, one as a present to the captain of the castle.

" Your cheese has been scooped out and the hole filled in," she whispered to Conn when she got him alone. " Inside the cheese there 's a coiled rope and a file which will go through those rusty bars of your cell like butter. They 've been there for hundreds of years, remember. The forty-foot rope will let you down to the sea. I 'll have a boat waiting for you at midnight on Saturday. This is Tuesday. Good luck."

" I 'm as good as free already," grinned Conn. " They keep no watch on me at night; but be careful, my dear."

" Conn says will you let him escape on Saturday night at twelve ? " murmured Alice sunnily to the captain as she left the castle.

" Ho, ho ! " chuckled the captain. " That 's a good one ! He 'll have a bit of a bother digging himself out. The walls are nine feet thick."

" You have been warned," tittered Alice.

" Thank you very much," laughed the captain easily. " But thanks a lot more for the cheese. I can see a joke. Conn doesn't want to escape. He 's as happy as the day is long. Why, madam, we let him walk about the courtyard. He plays cards with us and wins all our money. He can go into Carrickfergus for a drink with a soldier any time he likes. All I 've got to do is to see him into his cell every night. There 's a thirty-foot sheer drop into the sea and the water 's always deep. Escape ? Ho, ho ! "

" Perhaps I 'll come myself and take him away," laughed Alice. " Would twelve o'clock on Saturday be convenient ? "

The captain choked with suppressed laughter at what he thought was the best piece of bluff he had ever heard coming from a very handsome girl.

ABOUT a quarter to twelve on Saturday night Alice arrived outside Carrickfergus Castle in a tidy little sloop of three tons and anchored a quarter of a mile from the dark walls. She had three picked men with her.

Unhappily for her plans, a watery moon five days old appeared unexpectedly from behind a cloud and shone silver arrows over the black waters of Belfast Lough.

" We daren't go (*Continued on page 52*)

THE TIMBER SHIPS
—And Their Stories

By C. Fox Smith

A giant raft consisting of five million feet of logs which made a sea journey from Cathlamet, Washington, to San Diego, a distance of 1,100 miles

"YES, it's going to be merry hell," said the mate, "off the pitch o' the Horn with that deck cargo. . . ."

Memories are strange things. It is queer how small a matter—a chance-heard sound, a smell, a trick of light and shade—will bring them back upon you unbidden like a tide.

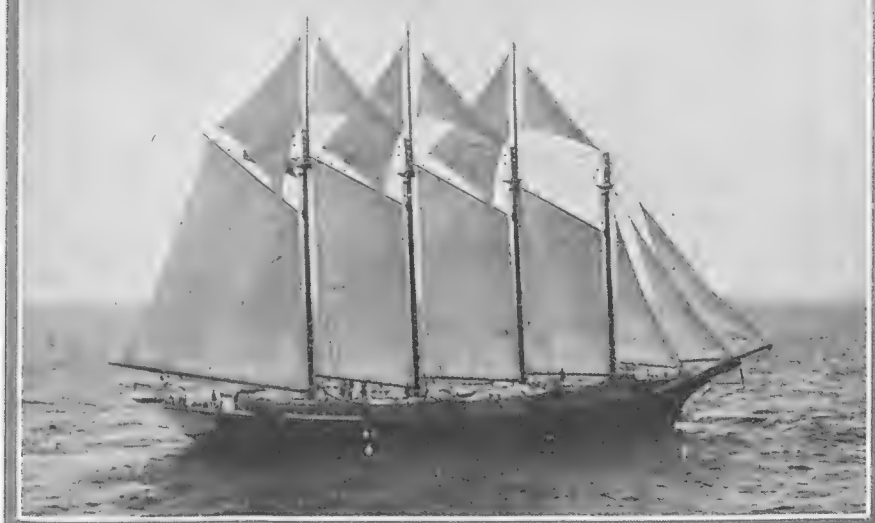
They were building a new house on a corner site, and a load of flooring boards and what-not had been piled up there ready for the job. I suppose the place was a hundred miles or so from the nearest salt water; but the chance combination of a breath of pungent deals and wood smoke from a little fire of shavings and chips someone had lighted hard by brought the whole Pacific Coast back to me in a flash.

Once again I saw the Fraser River with its wrinkling jade-green eddies—that river which, so they say, never gives up its dead—flowing by the lumber mill wharves. I saw the rafted lumber with the usual gulls' parliament upon it, and the hulls of the anchored ships swinging to the current. I saw the snow-crowned peaks of the Cascades just rose-tinged with the last glow of the sunset. And I heard the voice of my friend the Scots mate saying:—

"Merry hell—that's what it's going to be . . . off the Horn with that deck load. . . ."

I regret to say that the deck load was further particularized by an adjective which I refrain from reproducing. And no wonder!

The ship destined to carry it was a big Glasgow four-master—there were still a few such then under the British flag. She had been a noted clipper in her day, before she suffered the indignity, as most sailormen accounted it, of having timber ports cut in her sides, and she was to carry, I suppose, something like a million feet of squared deals to Europe by way of Cape Horn.



The four-masted schooner *L. C. Tower*. The type of ship that was used in the lumber trade. Built in 1915 this ship never completed her maiden voyage as she was sunk by a German submarine soon after this picture was taken

Her hold was already full to capacity, and the stevedores had started to pile up all the lumber on deck. It was to come up higher than the pin-rails and fife-rails, and the deck-houses would become dug-outs for the time being (air-raid shelters had not then been thought of). Temporary rails had been rigged by the ship's carpenter; but even so, getting about the decks, no easy matter at all times in a ship continually swept by the Cape Horn seas, was going to be harder still on the slippery deals, especially since with the added weight of her deck cargo she would be like a half-tide rock the whole way round.

(*Continued on page 66*).

The Bridge

Should Happiness And Respectability Be Sacrificed To Save A Guilty Man?

By H. L. V. Fletcher

Illustrations by W. Smithson-Broadhead

"BUT I was acquitted!" exclaimed Mrs. Rossiter. Though she showed no sign of fear yet there was apprehension in her eyes as she looked across the room at the man sitting by her fireside. The curtains were drawn and the flames from the log fire—necessary enough on this foggy, autumn evening—flickered across his coarse, heavy face, throwing it into quick flashes of light and shade. It might have been an illusion, but he seemed almost amused at her protest, and at that she took a grip on herself and fell back into the calm she had adopted all through his visit.

"Of course you were," he agreed readily, almost reassuringly. "Of course you were, Mrs. Forbes—I beg your pardon—Mrs. Rossiter. By the way, is that really your name now?"

She smiled grimly and shook her head. "No, I'm still Mrs. Forbes. I'm still the woman who set half the tongues in Africa wagging."

"Oh, come!" he protested.

"I know, Mr. Blagdon," she said quietly, "that everybody believed I did murder my husband."

"Except the twelve good men and true, eh?" There was something unmannered and familiar in the way he said it; the sly sharing of an unwanted secret. "Eleven men—and me, the foreman. You've got me to thank for your life—well, for your freedom, anyhow, you know."

"I'm sure I am very much obliged to you," she said in a voice that expressed no obligation whatever. "You did your duty, Mr. Blagdon——"

"Duty?" He grinned. "No, I wouldn't go as far as to say that. Twelve of us—and eleven had made up their minds to find you guilty. I was the twelfth. I've never been a man to follow others. The fact that *they* were sure was enough for me. I've always had my own way. I meant to have it at your trial."

She fixed him with level, grey eyes. "You sound as if—you thought me guilty, too."

"Oh, come! I didn't say that!"

"I don't think the verdict made much difference, though. Only to the sentence. People made up their own minds, you know, and having made up their minds I murdered John Forbes they—they just went on believing it. That's why, in the end, I changed my name."

"Quite," he agreed, with much show of sympathy and understanding. "Oh, quite Mrs.—Mrs. Rossiter."

They glanced at one another like adversaries seeking an opening. Mrs. Rossiter met the challenge in his eyes, and, unusual for her, let her own drop. It would come out in good time what he wanted; until it did, there was no point in antagonizing him, though every nerve in her protested at his gross presence in the delicate home she had built up round herself. So she sat, tapping the fingers of one hand slowly on the table, her eyes fixed in front of her. Whatever he had come for, he could not find the words to make an opening. She found silence was more of a strain than to speak.

"I alone am to blame for people's disbelief in me," she said wearily. "My husband was a bad man. He was one of those men who are better dead. It was because I never hid the fact that I thought so that everyone turned so much against me. I couldn't hide the truth that his death was a relief." She sighed. "Of course, I had to come away. It wasn't that they cared about John; in fact, they all knew what he was like. But believing me a murderess. . . ."

He said what she had said herself a minute ago. "You were acquitted."

"Thanks to you," she rejoined quickly, and there was a hint of mockery in her voice. "But juries don't alter what people think. I wandered about from

HE scrutinized her closely, keyed up to face disapproval, but she gave him no sign that every nerve in her interpreted him as he was

place to place for a time. I didn't enjoy it. It was strange how everybody seemed to have heard of Mrs. John Forbes. And I'd been photographed. An amazing number of people had seen my photograph. When they heard the name Forbes, they remembered who I was." She paused a moment. "In America I tried changing my name, and did my hair a different way, and after that I was all right. I still travelled. I was fortunate in having enough money. In the end, I came home to England. I happened to come through this village and I fell in love with it on the spot. I bought this house, and here I've been ever since." She added thoughtfully, "Twenty years."

"It's a long time," he said.

"Long enough to forget the past, Mr. Blagdon."

"And here I come reminding you of it."

"I can't understand how you knew me," she said. "Shall I pour you another glass of whisky?"

He leaned over to pick up the bottle from the table near his elbow. "I'll help myself—since you're so kind." He poured some into his glass, and drank, gulping noisily. "Your photograph, that's how I came across you. I came down here to——" He stopped, then went on. "It's quiet here. I like a quiet little spot sometimes. Sort of does you good. I've been down for a week-end once or twice. About a year ago it was I came first, and it was then I found out you lived here. Among the photographs in the inn parlour there was a group—some women's club or something. I picked you out at once. Never forget a face. If that isn't Mrs. Forbes, I said to myself! So I asked the landlord. He told me all about Mrs. Rossiter, and when his wife came in she added a lot more, and showed me some more photographs."

"You did not bother to call on that occasion, Mr. Blagdon?"

"No," he said, giving her a swift, sly glance. "Well—no, but I sort of remembered you was here. They think a lot of you in the village—real Lady Bountiful."

"I told you," she said unemotionally, "I have been here twenty years. They have been twenty very happy years. I like my neighbours, and I think they—respect me. I should be very sorry to lose that neighbourly respect of theirs."

"I guessed that," said Blagdon. "You've made yourself a life here, and you don't want anything upsetting it. No old scandals. I was very careful to say nothing, but I was curious. You've got to allow it was natural for me to be curious. I didn't have to ask questions. They told me all about you. What you did and how you lived and where you lived. As a matter of fact"—he leaned forward confidentially—"I did stroll over this afternoon to see you; not the way I came this evening round by the road, but up the river path. I saw you, too. You were on that little foot-bridge over the river, and you had your handyman or gardener or whatever he is—that man Lomax, he was with you. So I thought I'd come later, when you were alone—since I knew your two maids slept at home. I came up the river path again this evening, early on, but the gate over the foot-bridge was locked. So I had to come

round, after all. It's a long way, isn't it?"

"Quite a way," she agreed.

"Best part of two miles." It was almost a complaint. "I don't like walking. But if I'd hired a car or anything like that people would have known I'd called to see you—they know everything in these little country places, don't they?—and that wouldn't have been fair to you."

"I'm sorry about the gate——"

He interrupted her. "I'd have climbed over but for all those spikes on top—and not wanting to be seen."

"The gate is always locked," she said. "It is to keep children off the bridge. The river is rather deep and flows swiftly——"

He interrupted again. "It's all right, Mrs. Rossiter."

"I had the foot-bridge put up for myself. As you say, it is a long way round to the village."

"Very sensible," he agreed heartily. "Very sensible."

Again they fell into a silence which, though it was only momentary, seemed to last an age. Uninvited, he helped himself to more whisky.

"I've done pretty well for myself since we last met," he said after a minute. "I've nothing to grumble about. I suppose I'm what you'd call self-made. I've worked hard, but I've prospered."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Rossiter.

"Mind, I've come up against obstacles, but obstacles are there to be got over." He laughed shortly. "And I got over 'em. I'm up against an obstacle now—but I'm going to get over that, too. I've been a bit worried, but I reckon it'll be all right." He leaned towards her confidentially. "I wonder if I could ask you to help me?"

It was coming at last—the object of his visit. Every word spoken had been leading to this moment.

"Old acquaintances, as you might say we are," he ventured, watching her closely.

"I?" she asked. "I'm afraid I should not be much help to you, Mr. Blagdon. As I told you, I have lived out of the world for twenty years—"

"That's nothing to do with it."

He sat, pursing his lips and frowning at his hands, uncertain how to explain.

"If you want my help, hadn't you better tell me what it is you do want. Not"—she paused significantly, raising her eyebrows—"money?"

He burst into a loud laugh. "Bless you, no. Nothing like that at all. I told you, I've done well for myself. Made a pile, to tell you the truth. No," he sighed with satisfaction, "I'm not short of money." He became serious again. "But the fact is I am in a bit of an awkward spot—if you see what I mean?"

"I'm afraid I don't," she said bluntly.

"Well, it's like this." He spoke slowly, as if his mind was picking its way, examining every sentence before delivering it to make sure it did not tell too much. "I'm in business, see? Doing well, too. I told you that. But—well, not exactly, how shall we say . . ."

"Not legal?"

He scrutinized her closely, keyed up to face disapproval, but she gave no sign that every nerve in her interpreted him as he was.

"That's right," he said. "Damn it all, a man can't keep body and soul together and act legal all the time these days."

"Not—black market?" she hinted.

Again, he gave her that quick, almost frightened glance.

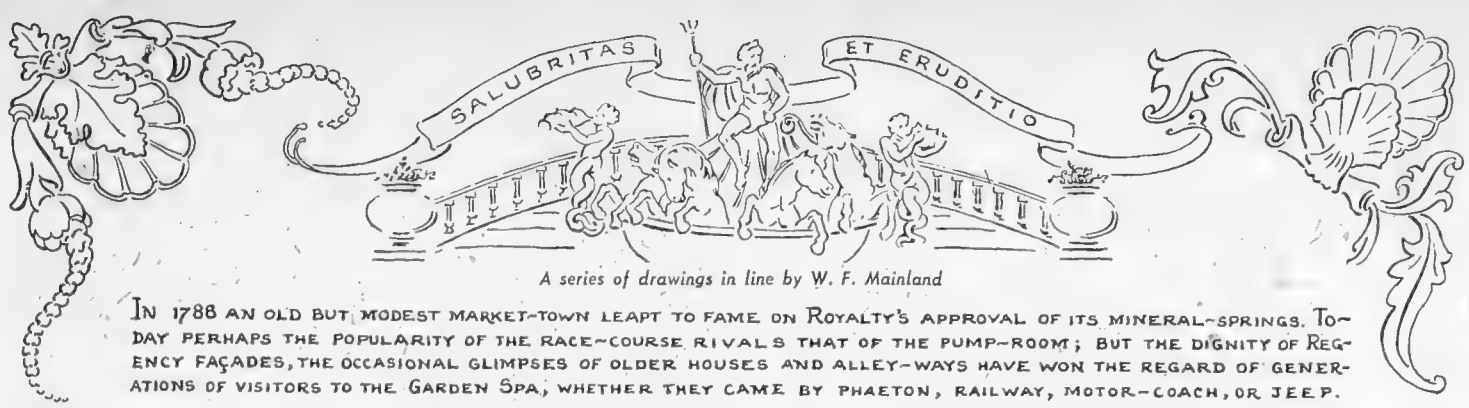
"You can call it that, if you like. No harm in admitting it to you." There was almost a threat in the way he stressed *you*.

"Mr. Blagdon, I'm sure you are wasting your time and mine——"

"Wait a bit, Mrs.—er—Rossiter. Wait a bit. I'm not suggesting that *you* would be any help in my business." He laughed. "And if you were, I'm not looking for a partner. I'm not suggesting a lady like *you* . . ."

Again, he put a world of meaning into *you*. It might have been interpreted as: *You, who are a* (*Continued on page* 61)

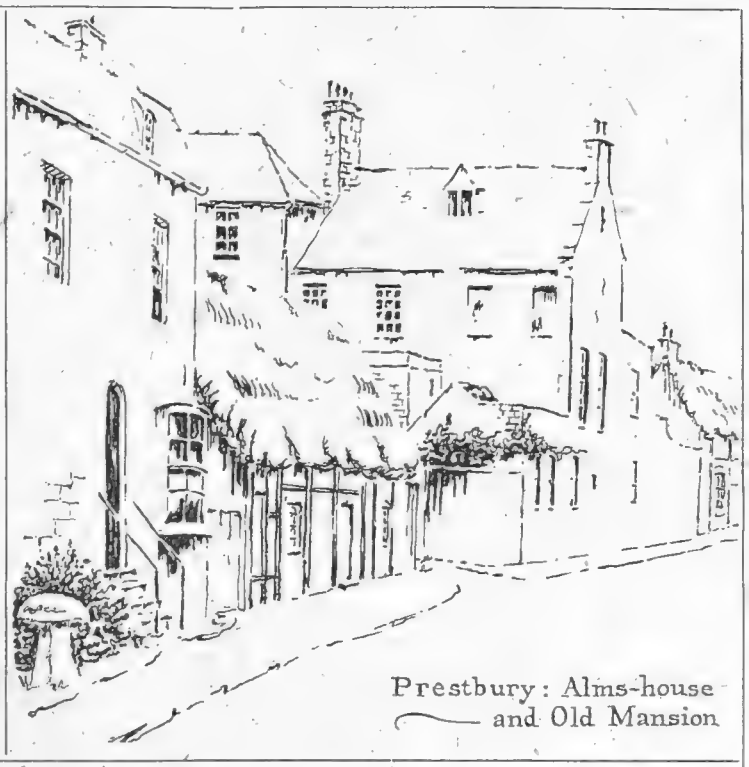
"I'LL come across with you," she said, "and open the other gate." She had already stepped in front of him when he caught her by the arm and drew her back



A series of drawings in line by W. F. Mainland

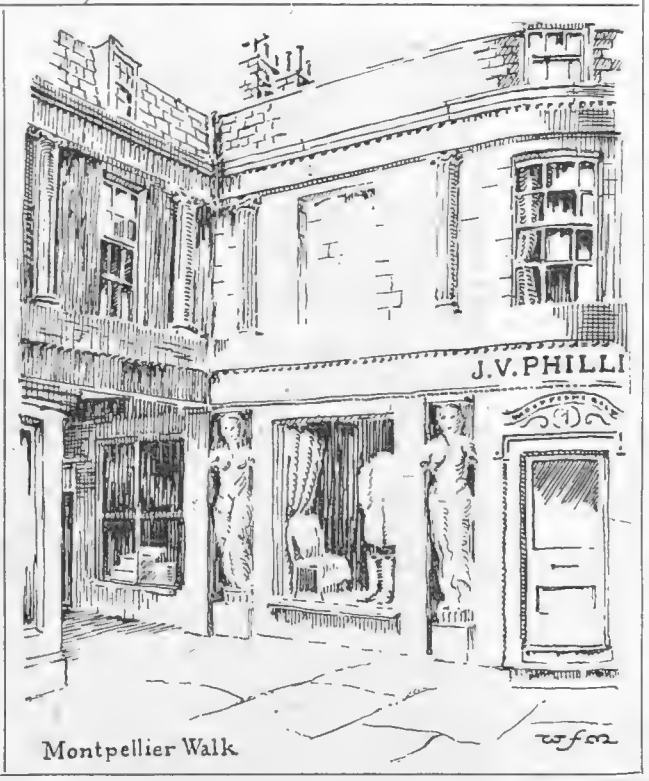
IN 1788 AN OLD BUT MODEST MARKET-TOWN LEAPT TO FAME ON ROYALTY'S APPROVAL OF ITS MINERAL-SPRINGS. TODAY PERHAPS THE POPULARITY OF THE RACE-COURSE RIVALS THAT OF THE PUMP-ROOM; BUT THE DIGNITY OF REGENCY FAÇADES, THE OCCASIONAL GLIMPSES OF OLDER HOUSES AND ALLEY-WAYS HAVE WON THE REGARD OF GENERATIONS OF VISITORS TO THE GARDEN SPA, WHETHER THEY CAME BY PHAETON, RAILWAY, MOTOR-COACH, OR JEEP.

Well Walk



Prestbury: Alms-house and Old Mansion

Parish Churchyard



Montpellier Walk

CHELTENHAM—the peculiar salubrity of the air, the beautiful and picturesque scenery, the general accommodations and amusements, but above all the social manners, equally free from coarseness and formality, give charms to this spot, which, if few can equal, none can exceed.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE, MAY 4TH, 1809.

Tiger

Beryl's Generous Impulse, in a Moment of Instinctive Pity, to Shield a Fellow Woman—An Unknown Woman—Proved Her Own Salvation

By Holloway Horn

BERYL MALLORY yawned, although the "Blue Moon" has the reputation of being the most amusing club in London. The man sitting opposite to her smiled.

"Sorry," she said. "But the atmosphere in this place is poisonous and I'm tired, anyway."

"My dear," he said, "you're sufficiently beautiful to yawn if you want to, but I don't often bore my guests."

"Sorry, Tony," she said again.

"Six months ago you were in love with me!" he said, as he flicked the ash from his cigarette.

"A lot can happen in six months," she said quietly.

"With you, it has. How is the great builder, by the way? When the engagement was announced I was rather amused."

"Why?" she asked coldly.

"I thought that he must be a completely new experience for you. In all London I doubt if you could have found a man more unlike me."

"Possibly that was why I decided to marry him."

"Or because he was a millionaire?" he asked with a smile.

"That was a factor—when it started. Now it isn't. But I don't expect you to believe that, Tony. And now I shall go."

"Quite a reformed character," he laughed. "The last time you came here with me we danced until the place was almost empty—and you did not yawn."

"Perhaps I *am* a reformed character."

"Even so, I want you to look in at the flat to-morrow afternoon. You haven't a *matinée*?"

"What for?" she asked, a little sharply, perhaps.

"A cup of tea, shall we say?"

"No. I can't."

"But I want you to, Beryl. I particularly want to have a chat with you," he said in a changed tone.

"What about?"

He paused for conscious seconds, his eyes on hers, before he said: "About a bundle of highly indiscreet and amusing letters which you wrote to me at different times. In one of them you give a really clever picture of the gentleman who is now your *fiancé*. It was, you may remember, like so many clever things, rather unkind."

"What on earth do you mean?" she demanded.

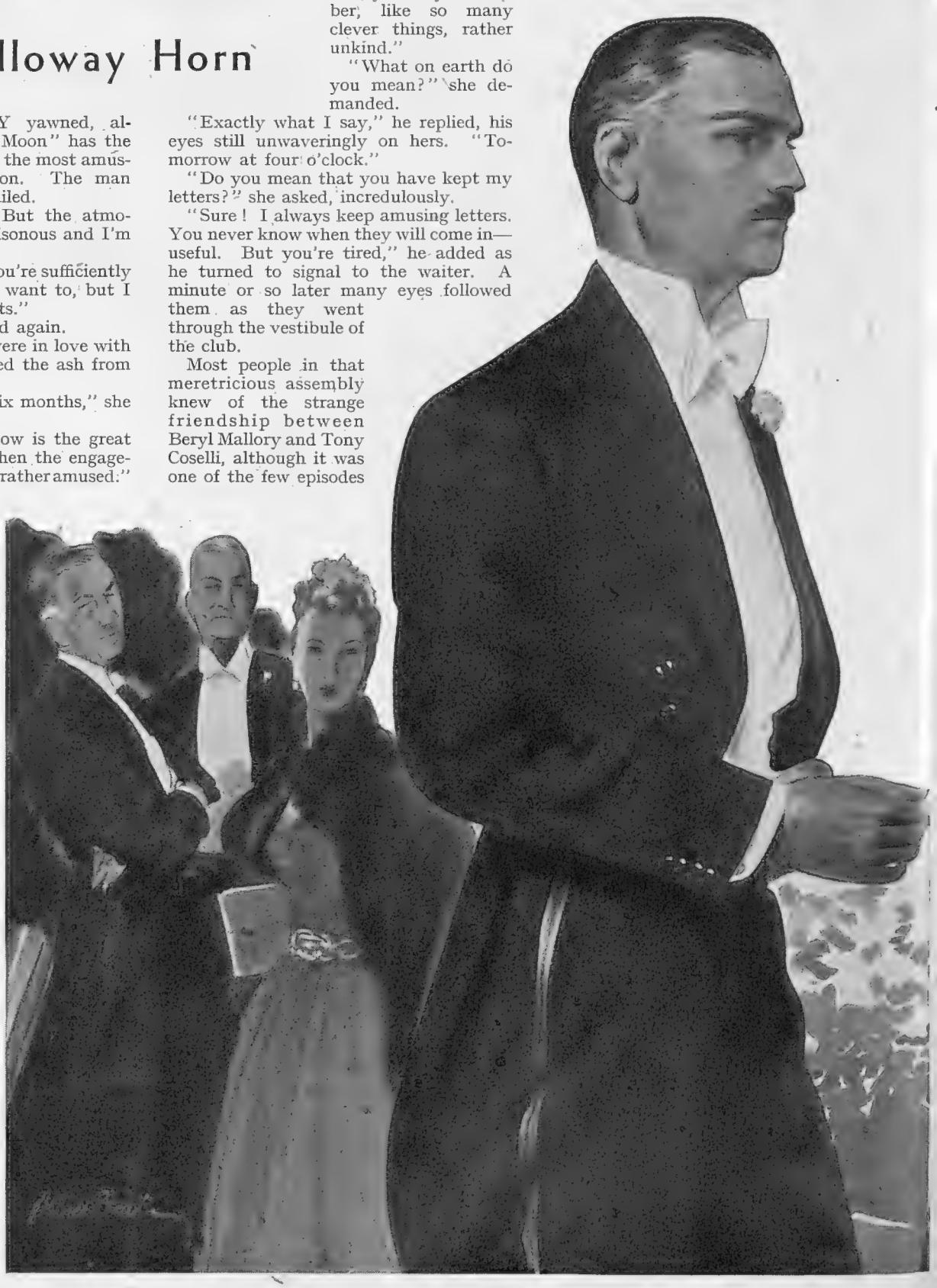
"Exactly what I say," he replied, his eyes still unwaveringly on hers. "To-morrow at four o'clock."

"Do you mean that you have kept my letters?" she asked, incredulously.

"Sure! I always keep amusing letters. You never know when they will come in—useful. But you're tired," he added as he turned to signal to the waiter. A minute or so later many eyes followed them as they went through the vestibule of the club.

Most people in that meretricious assembly knew of the strange friendship between Beryl Mallory and Tony Coselli, although it was one of the few episodes in her life which had not achieved publicity. At twenty, her beauty had lifted her from the chorus of a revue to a leading part in a rival production, and for ten years she had been *news*. Her name had inevitably been linked with one man after another, but, in spite of the gossip writers, nothing more definite had emerged from the rumours. Too hard-bitten, some said—too keen on her job. Others, and more cynical ones, put it down to Tony Coselli, but, as the cynics so often are, they were wrong.

IT was curious how little was really known about Coselli, even in the limited world of the night clubs. He was a man of



forty-five and, in his dark way, dangerously good looking. He was supposed to be an American, but even on that point there was doubt, although his papers were in admirable order. Some, indeed, went so far as to say that his name was not Coselli at all, but that was the name on his passport. He seemed to have plenty of money and was vaguely connected with the film industry, but in what capacity, or with what section of it, was not known. It could not have been as an actor, for no one had seen or heard of him in a film.

Many women had been in love with him—indeed, many were still in love with him—but Coselli was as unstable as the wind. Beryl was under no delusions about him and, although his superficial charm had attracted her for a while, she had dropped him like a hot chestnut a few weeks after she had met Sir John Hawley.

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

Hawley, the Builder of Happy Homes.

Their excellence had been insisted upon on every hoarding in the country in those far-off pre-war days, and when the founder of the firm died he left a fortune which testified both to the houses he built and the effectiveness of his advertising. Sir John was the second baronet and possessed much of his father's ability. He was one of the most eligible bachelors in London, but his old-fashioned and puritanic outlook on life was rather alarming until one appreciated the kindly character beneath. A non-smoker and a non-drinker, he continued to add to the fortune his father had left. In his rather austere way, however, he was as good-looking as Coselli.

No one in London was more surprised than Beryl Mallory when he asked her to marry him. She was, it is true, nearly at the top of her profession, but from that point of vantage an intelligent woman can usually see two paths—one up and one down. She was thirty. Beauty is fleeting—particularly on the stage—and Sir John had much to commend him. And there was something in him—a calm reliability—she had never found in any other of the men she had known.

The announcement was made with even more than his usual resonance by her press agent, and among the hosts of congratulations she received was the note from Tony Coselli. A curious little note in which he asked her for old times' sake to dine with him once more at the Blue Moon Club.

Her immediate reaction was to refuse. Of late, however, she had heard disturbing rumours about Coselli and it might be just as well, she decided, to round things off—to write definitely the word "Finis" to an interlude in her life.

The evening had not been much of a success, and the reference to her letters—or, rather, the manner in which he had referred to them—worried her. Her flat was only a few minutes from the club; it was a lovely night and she decided to walk.

"Why not come to my flat for a talk to-morrow, Tony, instead?"

"No. I'd rather you came to mine. We can talk there without being overheard."

"What on earth has that to do with it?" she asked sharply.

"Just that I may have things to say that I don't want overheard."

"You are in a strange mood. I wish I hadn't come to-night."

In the moonlight she saw him smile.

"What *is* the matter, Tony? That smile is hateful! It alters the whole expression of your face."

"Funny if we ran into Sir John," he said.

"We're not likely to."

"You'll be the wealthiest woman I know when you marry him. I hear that he's rather intolerant and strait-laced—particularly where women are concerned. That's rather a pity, isn't it?"

"I prefer not to discuss my *fiancé* with you," she said coldly.

"I can certainly think of more exciting topics," he smiled.

"Look here, what are you getting at?" she demanded, pulling up at the entrance of the block which contained her flat.

"I'll tell you to-morrow," he said. "Four o'clock, Beryl! And don't be late."

He turned away without further ceremony.

Blackmail!

So the rumours she had heard were true.

He was a strangely different man from the one who had attracted her—the memory of that evil smile made her shiver.

Her maid was in bed, and she sat alone in her bedroom thinking; Tiger, her diminutive spaniel, watched her incuriously from his basket. Most of the letters were at least six months old and she was not certain what she had said in them—but it was clear that Coselli regarded them as important. He had always urged her to write to him. And she suddenly remembered that in one of them she *had* spoken about Sir John. It was soon after she had met him, before—she put the fact into words for the first time—before he had become the most important person in her life.

She considered the possibility of telling him the whole story. With many men it would have been the obviously sensible thing to do, but not with John. He had put her on that very uncomfortable thing—a pedestal, and with a wry smile she recognized that by falling in love with him she had done very much the same thing to him.

She went to bed without making up

A MINUTE or so later many eyes followed them as they went through the vestibule of the club

her mind, but in the morning, after considerable hesitation, decided to go round to Coselli's flat that afternoon, as he had asked. It might be possible to bluff him—even to frighten him. His line, obviously, would be to threaten to send her letters to Sir John.

She dressed with careful unobtrusiveness as she was anxious not to be recognized, and was nearly at her destination when she suddenly remembered that Coselli had always disliked her dog—and indeed, all dogs. But it was too late to take Tiger back and she decided that it didn't matter, anyway.

The lift was in use and she walked up the stairs without waiting for it. The entrance to Coselli's flat was at the end of a long corridor and she was relieved to find that it was deserted. The door of the flat was — surprisingly — slightly ajar, and she was still more surprised that no one answered when she rang the bell.

Opening the door wider she called: "Tony!" But again there was no reply. It was a few minutes after four and she assumed that he had left the door open for her. She went in and, standing in the hall, listened. The whole place was silent, but suddenly the diminutive spaniel growled.

"Quiet!" she said sharply and again called: "Tony! Are you in?"

The door of the sitting-room was also slightly open and with an oppressive feeling that something was wrong, she crossed to it. The blinds were drawn and the room was so dark that it was difficult to distinguish anything. The small dog appeared uneasy and struggled in her arms. She put him down and switched on the light. A cry burst from her as she did so, for she saw Coselli huddled on the Chesterfield at the far side of the room. His eyes were wide open and his head was at an unnatural angle to his body.

In the first second she knew the truth. There was something in the attitude of the body which could only mean one thing: Coselli was dead.

Her instinct was to go—to get as far away from that room and those dreadful eyes as she could—but Beryl Mallory was not a woman to panic, and she gripped herself. She saw that his shirt and waistcoat were stained with blood. Stabbed or shot—she didn't know.

Her brain worked clearly after the first shock had passed. At all cost—if only for John's sake—her name must not be mixed up with the affair.

She glanced hurriedly round the room and noticed that the bureau by the window had been ransacked. Several of the drawers had been emptied on to the floor. And, a little apart from the letters and papers, she saw a woman's handbag. It was a narrow one in black, corded silk, with initials in diamonds, evidently placed there as its owner frantically searched the bureau. So it was a woman!

Beryl's face was grim. She was not the only fly caught in that web. On a sudden, kindly impulse, she picked up the bag and slipped it into her own larger one—that was, she decided, one mistake she could rectify. Some desperate woman—the forgotten bag, the two doors left open, the hurriedly ransacked desk, spoke of sheer panic—had killed Coselli as the only way out of the trap he had lured her into.

Beryl, with a tightening feeling round her heart, tip-toed back into the hall and closed the outer door. Her letters were somewhere there and, moreover, the police would probably find that she had been with him the previous evening at the club. She always used a distinctively coloured paper—a very dark blue—and after a moment or so noticed the bundle in one of the pigeon-holes. These, too, she slipped into her bag.

She was not really nervous—once she had gripped herself—and before she left the flat, quietly thought over what she had done. Her gloves had been on the whole time—no finger-prints—and now no letters. She turned to the door. The corridor was still deserted. If she went down the stairs, as she had come, no one need know she had been there.

Silently she closed the door. Even as the click died away she heard the protesting bark of Tiger—on the other side of the door. He was locked in the flat. She had completely overlooked him. For wild moments her brain refused to function, but gradually she gained control over herself once more.

THE door of the sitting-room was also slightly open and with an oppressive feeling that something was wrong she crossed to it

Her name and address were inscribed for all the world to read on his collar—even if he had not appeared with her in a hundred photos. She stood there, clutching her bag in that deserted corridor, striving to think of a way to get the dog out. He was beginning to bark more loudly.

Suddenly, out of the tumult in her brain, a thought—a wild chance—emerged, and with trembling fingers she took out the black silk bag with the flaunting initials.

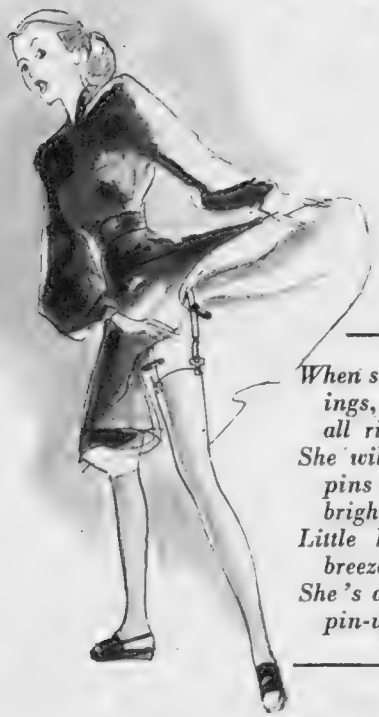
A ghost of a chance, as she knew—but it saved her; for in the bag were two keys, and one of them opened the door. Tiger, wagging his tail delightedly, ran out.

The whole story of a woman's folly and despair lay in that small key. Beryl Mallory had taken the bag, in a moment of instinctive pity, to shield a fellow woman—an unknown woman—and the generous impulse had proved her salvation.

As she crept down the stairs, clutching her dog, she heard the lift going up. The entrance hall was deserted and, hurrying down the steps, she was lost in the passing crowd.

END

PIN-UP GIRL



When suspenders, dragged by stockings, part with corsets — it 's all right,
She will fix them up with safety-pins so big and strong and bright ;
Little knowing that the slightest breeze will make her look a sight.
She 's a slipshod, slapdash, sloppy pin-up girl.

There 's a shoulder-strap relying on a small gilt safety-pin,
There are waistbands, hems and linings that a safety-pin holds in,
And if someone flashed a magnet, she 'd be standing in her skin. . .
She 's a careless, fearless, tearless pin-up girl.

When she 's out for big romancing in a glamour hat and veil,
She will use a host of shiny pins without a moment's quail.
But she looks like Mrs. Hedgehog by the time she meets her male.
She 's a slipshod, slapdash carefree pin-up girl.

Not content with personal pinning, she can pin-up anywhere—
Pins can hide a tear in curtains, keep a cover on a chair—
Hold a scarf upon a lampshade just to minimise the glare,
And her crest—a bunch of safety-pins, you 'll know her anywhere.

When she makes her summer outfit, though to tack they do advise,
'Tis on eas'ly-put-in steel pins that our pin-up girl relies.
When they slip out after fittings she just guesses at the size,
She 's a slipshod, slapdash, sloppy pin-up girl.

HOME-MADE

(Below.) The charming homeliness of this scheme lies in focussing attention around an attractive fireside centred among books and luxurious chairs, but free of extraneous and cluttering detail

(On right.) Walls, ceiling, doors and woodwork in this effective scheme are pale blue. The carpet is pinky beige, and the curtains are pink, edged with blue

(Below.) The dominating feature of this quite simple room is the illuminated recess converted from a cupboard. A collection of china is seen inside

(On left.) A careful selection of every detail of furnishing and ornamentation has given a deceptive simplicity to this most carefully-devised of schemes

OR MARRED

IT is sometimes thought that to invest a home with charm and originality one must be endowed either with ample means or with some heaven-sent talent.

As to money, some of the most luxurious homes are, in the sense of beauty, best forgotten, and though a flair for decoration is a fine thing to have, a little knowledge of the rules and a capacity for taking pains can have the most gratifying results.

Rooms which flop in the decorative sense, like the clothes which are never just right, so often do so because the furniture and other decorative effects have been chosen for their individual virtues, if any, and thrown together to get along as best they might. Too much furniture, too much ornamentation, too much of colour or of anything in a room will produce an uneasy, stodgy, and often gloomy effect.

The same goes for those collections of things such as brass and china, or family photographs which, excellent and even beautiful as they are, may merely loose their own identity and swamp the character of a well-planned scheme if they are scattered in all directions.

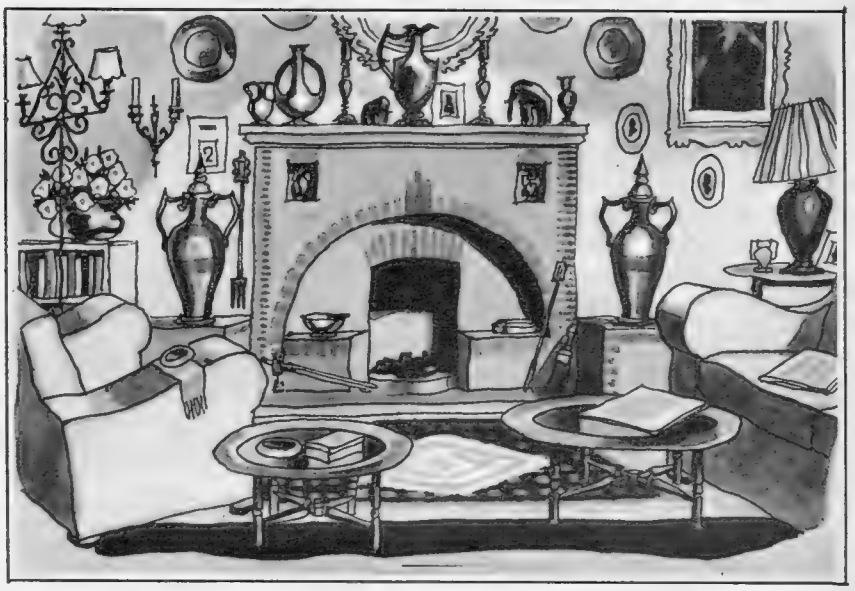
Background decoration is full of pitfalls for the unwary. To those with any misgivings as to their ability for creating decorative effects, and even to those with no misgivings, it is by far the wisest thing to stick to simple effects and plain or pastel backgrounds.

These can be rescued from monotony by the bolder use of colour in fabrics and ornamentation. At the same time, the amateur interior decorator should be as watchful in " playing for safety " with colour effects (because this invariably means drabness) as in choosing brighter colours, which, unless selected with care, may be blatant and shrill rather than smooth and pleasing to the eye.

Originality in the use of colour does not mean using cranky effects, any more than " playing for safety " implies the need for sticking to those hackneyed brown-and-orange, green-and-yellow combinations of the " follow your neighbour " school. Bringing colours together in unexpected and pleasing harmony is largely the result of experiment and analysis. Nothing more difficult or alarming than just that.

The home-made look in a scheme of interior decoration generally springs from the same cause as the home-made look in regard to dress. The responsible parties just haven't mastered the rules.

BY WINIFRED LEWIS



What might very well have been an attractive room has been turned into a sort of Eastern curio-shop by a much too lavish use of brass knick-knacks and other distracting detail

This is a room in which the furniture has been chosen and arranged without previous thought for symmetry, or for the restful and harmonious effect of well-balanced proportions

An amateur attempt to achieve an original scheme of wall decoration has here merely broken up the background, with results anything but restful to the eye

LACE-STITCH BLOUSE

MATERIALS

5 ozs. of Copleys 2-ply "Excelsior"; one pr. each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles; 1 steel crochet-hook No. 1.

MEASUREMENTS

From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 18½ ins.; across the back and front under-arms, 17 ins.; under-arm of sleeve, 5 ins.

TENSION

8 sts. to 1 in.

THE BACK

With No. 12 needles cast on 127 sts.

Rows 1 to 3.—Knit.

4th row.—K. 1, *m. 1, k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 2. Repeat from * to end.

5th to 6th rows.—Knit.

Change to No. 10 needles and the following pattern.

1st row (wrong side facing).—Knit.

2nd row.—Purl.

3rd row.—Knit.

4th row.—K. 1, *m. 1, k. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog. p.s.s.o., k. 1, m. 1, k. 1. Repeat from * to end.

5th row.—Purl.

6th row.—As 4th row.

7th row.—Purl.

8th row.—As 4th row. These 8 rows form pattern. Continue until 11½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then k. 2 tog. each end of every row until 91 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of the (*Continued on page* 67)

OPEN-NECK PULLOVER

MATERIALS

7 ozs. of "Vyella" 3-ply "Ramada"; one pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles; buttons; one steel crochet-hook No. 1; belt.

MEASUREMENTS

From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 21 ins.; across the back and front under-arms, 17 ins.; under-arm of sleeve, 6 ins.

TENSION

15 sts. to 2 ins.

THE BACK

With No. 10 needles cast on 120 sts. Knit into the back of the first row, rib 4 rows, k. 1, p. 1. Change to the following pattern.

1st row.—Purl.

2nd row.—K. 5, k. 2 tog., m. 1, * k. 10, k. 2 tog., m. 1. Repeat from * ending k. 5. These 2 rows form pattern.

Continue until 14 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows.

Continue until armhole measures 7 ins. from the cast-off shaping.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 armhole-end rows. Cast off the remaining sts.

THE FRONT

With No. 10 needles cast on 120 sts. Work as for the back until 12 ins. from the cast-on edge. (*Continued on page* 67)

DREAM GOWNS FOR JUNE BRIDES...

1. Proud bridal white, a luminous plastic fabric, self-patterned—cut to compliment a young figure, with a heart-shaped neckline, a tight-as-tight torso, the contemporary bustle back. Designed by Patricia Turvey, First Floor Gowns, Marshall and Snelgrove's. (In colours, if preferred, and costing from fifteen guineas, according to the material chosen, which can be pure silk.)

2. Printed crêpe—a wine-leaf design on a blue-grey ground, precision tailored, with fashion-right details . . . a deep yoke fold to give the new shoulder look, and, on the skirt, a pointed fold that imitates a peplum and gathers to exaggerate the hips (thus slimming the waist). Brenner Sports.

3. This fine navy woollen dress has a secret. . . . The loose-sleeved top, fitting tight beneath the bosom, and trimmed on its gathered shoulders with a white-and-gilt plastic squiggle, comes off to show a square, low-cut neck and tiny sleeves. The skirt, with its white-lined hip loops, hints at a peg-top line. Rima.

4. A gorgeous cotton print—navy, maroon and gold feathers on a white ground—with a style and idea that places it up with the aristocracy clothes. Horrockses.

1

2

3

4

PICTURE PROBLEMS

PICTURES can give the ultimate touch of colour and beauty to a room or they can hang upon the walls defiantly as if to say, "We are here to fill the spaces, whether you like it or not."

Understanding of the finer points of art may be limited, but it is still possible to make a charming decorative feature of pictures in the home.

The secret is to choose them with thought for the suitability of the subject in relation to the character of its surroundings; to use their colour and atmosphere as a decisive point of interest to the eye, and to keep their sizes and their grouping in harmonious relation with the proportions of the room.

In a delicate, feminine sort of scheme, some light flower prints, a few prints of old London, or some water-colour reproductions will be effective.

Small rooms revolt against large and heavily-framed pictures. The effect is overpowering and never does justice to the pictures, even if they are good. If you are possessed of some old, heavily-framed pictures and like them too well to replace, consider a lighter framing for them, if they are to be hung in small rooms. The effectiveness of the subject itself may even be improved by this renovation, and the room will seem the better for it.

1

4

5

1. An example of balanced grouping of which the narrowly-framed and delicately-coloured maps on either side of the chimney-breast are an integral part.

2. Small coloured prints against a glossy background in nice relation to the bureau make an important decorative feature in this sitting-room.

3. Symmetrical grouping of portraits and coloured engravings in perfect accord with the Victorian character of the furnishing scheme.

4. A very modern scheme was created to provide the best setting for the fine oil-painting over the fireplace.

5. A room furnished after the older convention, but with a nice feeling for the colour value of pictures, which are varied yet perfectly united for display.

6. An original method of featuring a good picture. The painting has been incorporated in a specially-designed recess above the fireplace.

7. An unusual delicacy of background colouring and a striking individuality of architectural character here dictate the choice of a picture which melts into its setting.

8. Panelling in this room narrowed the choice of pictures to small ones, and its lofty proportions demanded that they should be striking in colour. These coloured bird prints were a perfect choice.

9. Nursery wall decoration was well-served before the war with coloured posters. A bold railway poster provides the colour motif for the general scheme.

8

X MARKS THE SPOT

THE ring which sometimes forms about a spot or stain that has been cleaned when the rest of the garment is untouched can be avoided with careful handling.

Lay the affected part of the fabric over a clean-folded towel and begin treating the stain by rubbing in a circular motion, with the cleaning agent well outside the stain. Progress gradually towards the centre. Never swamp the part with solution, as this only helps to form a ring of dirt around the place.

Shake the garment afterwards in the open air, preferably in a draught, to hasten evaporation. The quicker it dries, the less likely it is to form a dirt ring.

PAINT.—A little nail-varnish remover will quickly shift marks made by cellulose paint. Other kinds of paint marks yield to treatment with turpentine, which, however, is likely to leave a greasy mark behind it. This, in turn, should be removed with carbon tetrachloride.

IRON MOULD.—Crystals of oxalic acid sprinkled on the stained fabric and followed by boiling water poured through, will generally remove iron mould from white fabric. More delicate materials should be soaked in a hot solution of the acid without rubbing. Oxalic acid is a dangerous poison and must be most carefully handled.

GREASE.—Remove the grease first with carbon tetrachloride and, when this is dry, remove any further stain remaining by sponging carefully with clean water.

Shining Silver

AUSTERITY still makes it difficult to give the colour and luxury to the home that we are all yearning for, but bringing out the silver is a step in the direction of restored glamour.

Not that the domestic help situation justifies in any sense the extra work involved, but one cannot go on for ever doing without the sparkle and the sense of well-being that shining silverware gives to the house.

It will be good news to housewives that rhodium plating is again off the forbidden list.

This excellent method of treating silver and plated things so that they were impervious to tarnish was very popular before the war, but it was one of the first things to disappear when the process became a priority in connection with metal parts used in weapons of defence. Now, rhodium plating is available again and silversmiths can give the details if you want them.

Keeping the family plate at its best and brightest with the minimum of effort is largely a matter of good organisation. The weekly silver cleaning can be reduced to much simpler terms if the pieces that are in regular use are washed very frequently in the same way as china.

Washing with good hot soapy water and a little ammonia keeps a bright surface with very little elbow grease. Silver should be washed separately from china and finished with a clean, soft drying cloth reserved for this purpose alone.

Treated frequently in this way the harder cleaning with plate powder can be kept for occasional clean-ups.

Powdered chalk, mixed to a paste with a little ammonia, makes an excellent home-made substitute for branded polishes which are still a bit elusive. Methylated spirit makes lighter work of polishing and should be added, a few drops at a time, to the mixture of chalk and ammonia.

Impregnated silver cloths are appearing again in small quantities in the shops. If you can get one, it is an invaluable aid to the daily dusting, when silverware can be given a brief once-over with the cloth. This instantly revives its lustre and prevents the film of tarnish which appears so quickly in damp weather.

Heirloom silver which is reserved for special use should be wrapped carefully for storage between its party outings. The old-fashioned method of wrapping it in green baize had practical virtues. It protected the silver from dampness and from light, both of which are the sworn enemies of lustre.

Chamois leather is even better and is particularly effective for wrapping spoons and forks which are not in daily use.

Books: *Reviewed by Trevor Allen*

DAVID the Shepherd-King — wherever now he plucks his harp —should be flattered to find that, more than 3,000 years after his passing, a distinguished general who served on Allenby's staff does him the honour of plotting his campaigns, mapping his battles, and comparing him with Hannibal, Frederick the Great and Napoleon. "David" (Skeffington, 12s. 6d.) by Gen. Sir George de Symons Barrow surveys the administrator, poet and man as well as the warrior, and does not gloss over small exploits like the sending of Uriah into battle and death so that David might possess his wife, Bathsheba. It is an expert study of a "universal hero . . . the embodiment of the soul of his nation."

"WENCHES!" said a farmhand when Miss Rachel Knappett and another land-girl babbled about clothes, Max Factor and Arden, "Nowt but gabber, gabber, gabber." But while she writes books like "A Pullet on the Midden" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) she can, as far as we are concerned, gabber on for ever, for it is the real story of wartime life on a Lancashire farm—boss, labourers, fun, trials, field work, and the beauty of "the shippen on a Sunday evening, standing in a silent farmyard, surrounded by flat acres, quiet and serene under a sunlit canopy of peace." Her fellow-rustics are there to the life—and the boldest swear word. Happy, happy girl to have done such work so earnestly and cheerfully and then write such a buoyant book about it! She looks lovely with Polly the cow; was no one else in S.W. Lancs lucky enough to hitch on to the tether?

MISS DAPHNE DU MAURIER has done much research into the Civil War in the west for her "blend of fact and fiction," "The King's General" (Gollancz, 9s. 6d.), which portrays the fortunes of Royalist Sir Richard Grenvile as narrated by Mistress Honor Harris, the woman who loved but refused to marry him after being crippled in a fall from a horse. Characters are in the highly coloured romantic manner; the action is fluent, effortless; Cornish background, admirable. Miss du Maurier has never written better than in the passages describing Honor's return to Menabilly after Fairfax has crossed the Tamar with his Parliamentarians and Richard has suffered eclipse, which is to lead to death in exile; the style is so quiet, so sure. I found this novel absorbing.

ANOTHER feast for lovers of the historical tale is Mr. William Blain's "Witch's Blood" (Hurst & Blackett, 10s. 6d.), a story of bygone Dundee, with the rise of the flax industry, the change to jute, the fights over the new power-looms. It concerns the prophecies of Elspet Renkyn, burnt as a witch in the seventeenth century, and the struggle of generations of fierce, lawless Englishes in fulfilling them and achieving power against the opposition of the burgesses. Mr. Blain has steeped himself in local lore; he builds up his drama with a Gothic fervour.

IF you read Miss Rosemary Taylor's "Chicken Every Sunday" you will smile from the first line of her "Ridin' the Rainbow" (Methuen, 7s. 6d.): "Father married mother twice, and each time it was terrible." It opens with father's whirlwind courtship of the personable young woman who came to Tucson, Arizona, to teach dancing; their marriage on a California sea trip; their second marriage ashore, to confirm legality, by a parson with a gouty foot swathed in bandages. The rest of the frolic traces father's life in Tucson, with the breeziest U.S. humour.

LOVERS of "Jane Eyre" will take it for granted that a noble, penniless girl who becomes governess to Sir Somebody's child at the Hall, will have a rough deal for a time and be called upon to defend her virtue; further, that the Hall hides a sinister secret which has marred the Master's life, but that it will ultimately be resolved in her triumph and happiness. Miss Barbara Cartland revives the theme dramatically with new variations in her thirty-second novel, "The Hidden Heart" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.), which shows that a modern with courage need not shy at classic tradition.

TRADITIONAL, too, is the idea that renunciation may be nobler in love than fulfilment. (*Continued on page 64*)

THE "LANE"

DRURY LANE, opened in 1663, was the first Theatre Royal, the first to have legal status. It marked the emergence of drama from barn, inn-yard, open-air booth, small ill-equipped playhouse. Every famous player has walked its boards, from Nell Gwynne, Garrick, Sarah Siddons to Ivor Novello. One, "Scum" Goodman, turned highwayman when he was so hard up that he had to share a shirt with a fellow-player. Another, William Mountford, was murdered. King George III was shot at by a madman there, missing the bullet by a foot. It has a unique daytime ghost which was seen even recently by an official of ENSA.

W. J. MACQUEEN POPE

Recording its three centuries of history, Mr. W. J. Macqueen Pope writes in **"Theatre Royal Drury Lane"** (W. H. Allen, 17s. 6d.): "Orange girls, tragedians, comedians, buffoons, clowns, swindlers and men of high repute: immortal wits and dull fellows, achievement and failure, success and bankruptcy; riot, murder and suicide—all are interwoven in the fabric of Drury Lane." The four theatres on the famous site, which have triumphed over decay, fire, bombs, could not have a warmer hearted chronicler. He makes of their story a pageant; illuminates it with anecdote, old prints and playbills. "I'm writing this," he seems to be saying, "because the 'Lane' is in my blood, and I love it." Over 300 packed pages of 'Lane' lore—and who will quibble if some of it is circumstantial Green Room gossip? What's a Green Room for if not to flout the pedant's laboratory?

Wallpapers Once Were Nailed

By E. R. Yarham

LIKE a good many other things—printing, gunpowder, banknotes, the compass and even children's kites among them—wallpapers originated in China. It is a matter of interest, too, that Normandy, scene of such fierce fighting a couple of years back, was the first manufacturing centre of the craft when wallpapers were introduced into the Western world.

Traces have been discovered of wallpaper being used for ritual purposes in China two thousand years ago. Chinese families commemorated the deaths of relatives by hanging a strip of wallpaper when one passed away. It is still the custom to have paper in China hanging loose.

Our ancestors of that far-off period were not so particular about their walls. These were plastered with mud and clay to begin with, and later skins were hung over the rough surface, which was something of an improvement.

Painted cloth and tapestry superseded these. They were nailed to the walls, and when the first wallpapers were introduced, as a cheaper substitute for these costly materials, the housewives of those days knew no better plan, and so they continued to fasten them in that manner with nails.

Wallpapers were not used in Europe until the early sixteenth century, and did not come into general use, as a matter of fact, until two centuries later. After a period of distempered walls after the first World War, wallpaper was coming into fashion again with many beautiful types.

Not many specimens of the early kinds survive, as was to be expected with so perishable a material as paper. Most were torn off, covered over, or painted over. Four torn old scraps of paper, faded with age, were carefully carried to the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, a dozen years ago. They were precious relics of past domestic history, pieces of early wallpaper, over two hundred years old, discovered in a house at Highgate, North London.

It is not common to find wallpapers that have survived so long, but a few even older specimens have been brought to light. For instance, some years back the relics of the famous old Manor House (built 1347) at Saltfleet, Lincolnshire, were sold up.

Among the more celebrated relics was the bed on which Oliver Cromwell slept before the battle of Winceby Moor, but the most notable feature about the house was the wallpaper, at least three hundred years old, and among the first produced in these islands. It was nailed to the walls.

It was not until almost the eighteenth century that a patent for the manufacture (*Continued on page* 66)

(On left) Two beautiful panels of early eighteenth-century Chinese wallpaper. Wallpapers originated in China, and during the seventeenth century ships of the East India Companies brought home specimens the like of which the Western world had never seen before

(Below) A panel of wallpaper designed by J. B. Fay (1780-1790), and produced in the factory of the noted French artist Reveillon, who enjoyed Royal patronage and employed 300 people

(Crown copyright is reserved of the three illustrations on this page, and the objects are the property of the Victoria and Albert Museum)

(On right) "Psyché au Bain." An example of French pictorial wallpaper. Four lengths from the scenic paper "Les Amours de Psyché," by Louis Lafitte, produced in 1817 by the eminent maker Dufour. This is considered his masterpiece, and the blocks from which it was printed are still in existence

ON DUTY—

In New York

IF you have a friend going to America it is irresistible to ask them to do a little shopping for you. You should, however, remember that you cannot send your own money out of the country, and, therefore, any shopping must be paid for out of the very few pounds allowed to be taken out of England with each passport.

This is a shopping list which I brought with me to New York. Mr. C. wishes me to bring back a pink glass tea set for his wife. Inquiries in New York have so far failed to bring to light the store selling this fashionable fantasy. My friend Sally wants a box of candy, and she shall certainly have her wish. Tania asks for yellow silk bun nets. Dr. D. has requested me to bring back a cutting head for a Remington or Packard electric shaver. A surgeon wants American cat gut. The hospital sisters want two-way stretches and Kestos brassières. My mother wants handkerchiefs. Editor one wants a two-way stretch for his wife, editor two wants twelve 17-in. collars, number three wants six ties, and number four wishes for a pipe. We have had a request for black shoes size nine, and my cook wants lard. She shall have it, and it's called Crisco. No one has asked for nylons which is just as well as women queue for them here. Customers with accounts are allowed two pairs per month, and the regulation price is $1.45.

JANE GORDON

TO describe New York properly, I would have to write in Technicolor. It is almost impossible to tell you in plain black and white how gay the sun-swept avenues make you feel. The window displays along Fifth Avenue remind one of the brightest herbaceous borders. Schwartz, the famous toy shop, has turned its windows into Mr. McGregor's garden, with Peter Rabbit, Benjamin Bunny and a life-size Mr. McGregor, complete with rake. The garden is full of pink, blue and yellow woolly rabbits and other toys.

A few doors away is a Revlon's display of their newest colour called Bachelor's Carnation. The make-up and nail varnish are designed to match a red carnation. Then comes another cosmetic window display, featuring a new shade called Heavenly Glow. This window is full of pink ribbons to match the pink make-up. An enchanting window shows you the newest fashion in bed linen. Sheer muslin and lawn sheets as well as pillow cases are threaded with pink and blue satin ribbons.

I stood outside a chocolate shop spellbound by the sight of trays heaped high with delicately coloured fondants and gaily painted chocolate boxes tied with doubled backed satin ribbons. Each chocolate is in its own little paper cup or cased in heavy gold or silver metal paper. Step inside and you will find counters covered with trays of every type of chocolate and candy. What's more, you can choose whichever you like and walk out with as much as you care to order.

I spent a dream-like half-hour in Elizabeth Arden's and, as luck would have it, an Englishwoman took care of me. I think she was as pleased to show me the lotions, creams and make-up as I was to see them. For the first time in years I was able to buy those delightful little glass-topped plastic boxes filled with cream rouge. I chose the Mille Fleur for day wear with Montezuma Red lipstick to go with it, and a darker shade for evening. The new Arden lipstick case is the most glamorous I have ever seen, all in twisted glass and gold. I treated myself to six cakes of Rose Geranium soap and an enormous bottle of Blue Grass toilet water. Then I was shown the newest face cream which I think Elizabeth Arden must have produced especially for the fat-starved English complexion. "Just smell!" said the assistant, and added, "It's good enough to eat." I told her gloomily that in another few weeks I probably would be eating it. However, it is nice to know what Arden's have in store for us at home when conditions are better.

"Where will I buy what Charles needs?" I asked my brother, and he took me to DePinna, where we found a large range of

(*Continued on page* 51)

McKERROW.

POOR PORES

How they take punishment, especially in summer. At night, submerged under skinfood to counteract the drying effect of the day's sunshine, by day covered with foundation lotion, cream, or a tan stimulating or simulating preparation. No wonder that your pores begin to assert themselves and look a little evident

YOU have two types of pores. The real ones are sweat pores and lead down to the sweat ducts and sweat coils. These are seldom troublesome, never distend, or block, or spoil your skin texture, because they are infinitesimal.

What we generally call "pores"—and will continue to do so in this article—are really the tiny mouths of hair follicles.

The opening leads down to the sebaceous gland which excretes sebum and then down to the hair bulb. This is the opening which often gapes (especially when there is no hair evident), becomes filled with surface grease and grime, and forms a false blackhead; or becomes filled with a real blackhead, formed of layers of horn cells and sebum. It is the oxidation of the sebum which makes it dark-coloured and gives it its most common name.

The skin that is well cared for with a simple beauty routine of cleansing cream to remove make-up at night, cleansing lotion and mild skin tonic in the morning before make-up, will naturally be clearer and cleaner than a skin which has not been given adequate attention.

Also this skin will be more sensitive to the effects of astringents and tonics and masks for refining the skin. If properly cleansed, it should never display the clogged pores which are false blackheads, and if kept soft and supple, the hardening of the surface tissues, necessary before the worst type of blackheads can form, should never take place.

Pores are temperamental, and while it has been medically proved that certain chemicals, vegetables and minerals are skin irritants, it has not yet been discovered that any of these distend the openings of the hair follicles.

Yet you may start to use a cream that immediately causes an open-pored condition. Frequently this takes place with a tan-stimulating cream. The only inference is that some chemical or mineral used in the preparation causes the apertures to be distended, or darkened so that they are somehow far more evident.

For this reason, always watch the texture of your skin, should you be trying out a new preparation. If you notice the pores more as you continue your use of the preparation, discard it immediately.

After the normal beauty care routines given above, there are a few special treatments for soothing the pores. Massage is one.

If you will get the habit of massaging the creams in gently, lightly, but with a brisk friction on the surface of the skin, you will stimulate the circulation. This causes the tissue surrounding the pores to swell slightly and hide the pores.

Heat is another pore-closer for the same reason; it stimulates the circulation and causes this deep tissue change. Hot packs, hot towels and steaming refine the skin.

Face packs are helpful in thoroughly cleansing the skin. They can draw out any excess sebum from the surface of the pore. Many have a chemical action which helps close the pores by the same tissue reaction as the heat and massage effect.

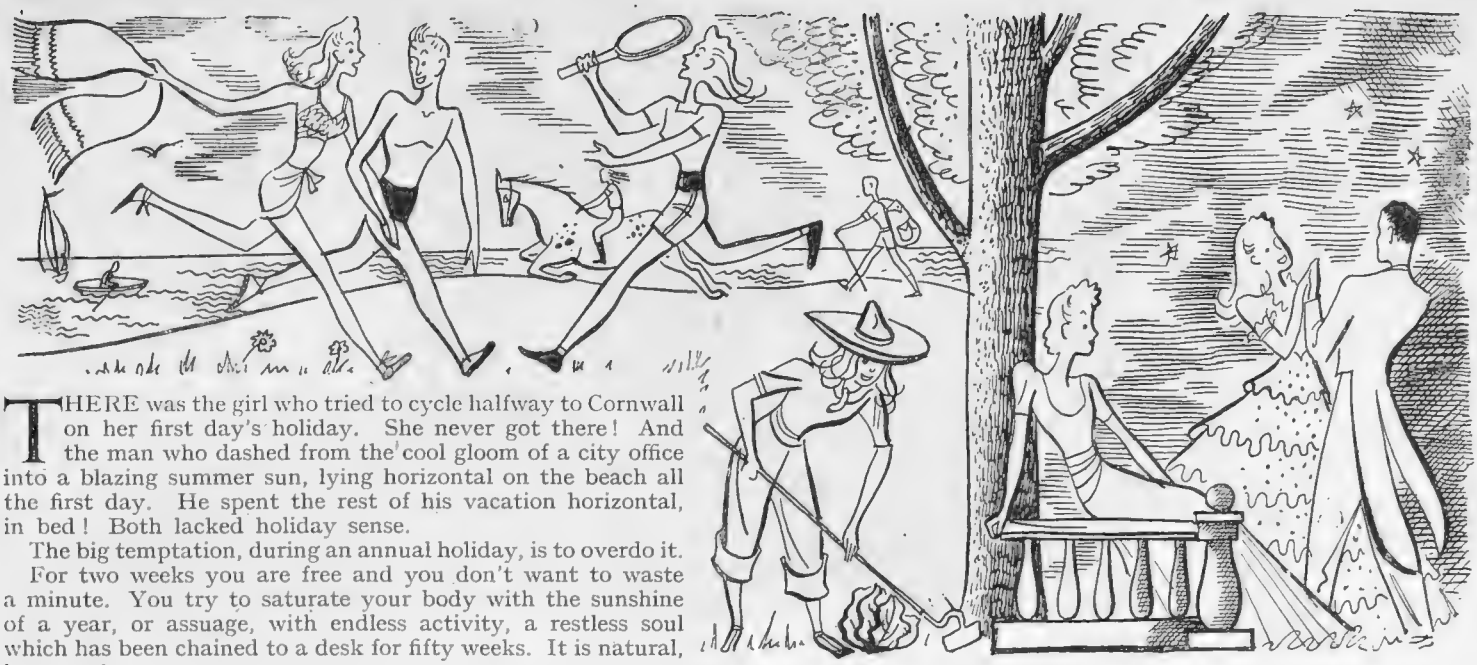
Cyclax make an excellent refining lotion, which they call Special Lotion, which is painted on as a mask and left on overnight; but this bleaches as well as clears and is more suitable for use at the tail-end of summer, when you want to remove the remains of old tan.

Another point on which most women fail their pores is re-powdering over an old make-up, with a dirty powder puff. Your puff should be washed often enough to keep it spotless.

Give your face an occasional breather and leave off your make-up sometimes. Breath is life, for your skin as well as your body.

HEALTH & BEAUTY BY CHRYSIS

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in these pages, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1



THERE was the girl who tried to cycle halfway to Cornwall on her first day's holiday. She never got there! And the man who dashed from the cool gloom of a city office into a blazing summer sun, lying horizontal on the beach all the first day. He spent the rest of his vacation horizontal, in bed! Both lacked holiday sense.

The big temptation, during an annual holiday, is to overdo it.

For two weeks you are free and you don't want to waste a minute. You try to saturate your body with the sunshine of a year, or assuage, with endless activity, a restless soul which has been chained to a desk for fifty weeks. It is natural, but unwise.

The sane holiday is the holiday which will best help you through the next fifty weeks. It is a perfect combination of relaxation and stimulation, in the proportion of more relaxation the first week, more stimulation the second.

Holiday Sense

Do a few deep breathing routines, because you will not have physical exertion to make you breathe deeply. Swim, row, if you like, but rest up the overtired muscles which have been working all the year. A little work for other muscles is not so bad.

You can use holiday sense in packing. Always be pessimistic about the weather with at least one outfit.

Take a small box of essential medicines with you, your favourite pills, because a change of air is generally costive, and you are wise to take a couple the first night of your arrival at your holiday home. Pack a bandage, stick-on dressings, and some antiseptic for minor scratches, cuts, etc. Remember anti-bite or midge lotion if you are going to the country; calamine lotion for bites, sunburn and heat rashes.

If you are going to cook on a holiday stove or the camp-fire you will need Tanna-Flavine, a burn dressing. This is also good for severe sun-burn. Use peroxide in cases of wasp stings.

Enjoy your food, but do not overeat. If you are eating more than usual, avoid being very active for at least half an hour after your meal, and never go swimming until an hour after. Be wary for the first signs of indigestion. You are inclined to be very hungry on a holiday by the sea and to supplement hotel meals with between-meal snacks, mostly starch. This is inadvisable.

Get your usual sensible ration of sleep, at least fifty hours a week. If you cut some off one night, add it to the next.

A badly planned holiday will be full of minor annoyances. Use forethought and you will return to your job, energetic and cheerful, not—as so many people used to think it smart to do—groaning "I need another fortnight to get over the last."

You cannot play about with your physical health and mental well-being these days—they are too precious. Enjoy your holiday to the utmost—you will if you use your holiday sense.

Bare-Leg Beauty

SUMMER-TIME is no-stocking time for at least half the women in the land.

But stockingless legs must look groomed. Start an improvement campaign now. If your legs are fat, send to us for special exercises and a massage routine; it is the surface beauty we are dealing with now.

Good circulation is essential. Scrub your legs hard in your bath, with plenty of soapy lather. When you get out, concentrate on a hard towelling up and down the legs, especially at the backs.

Massage a fifty-fifty mixture of lanoline and castor oil into your knees and spurs to soften and remove any hard skin.

Hairs continue to be a problem. Shave your legs if you have to in an emergency, but pumice the returning growth with lather or talc powder as a modifying agent, otherwise the straight cut hair ends, all of a length, will look more numerous and heavy.

A hair mitt or pumice will, with regular use, keep the legs free of hairs. Both plucking after a hot bath and waxing at home or as a salon treatment last for a few months.

Bleaching—to make the dark hairs inconspicuous—is simple. Give your legs a good soap and hot water wash, apply ammonia, and before the ammonia has had time to dry, apply peroxide (10 vols should be strong enough).

Try to get a tan-hastening preparation for your legs. A tan make-up protects your skin from the sun, but will hinder your natural tan. However, it is better than being self-consciously lilywhite. Your legs should look their best, and feel their best, after this attention.

BREAD ROLL

Cut a sandwich loaf lengthwise into very thin slices, buttering with creamed margarine mixed with anchovy essence to taste. Roll each slice and tie them all in a damp cloth. Serve either cut in half or into inch thick slices like one does a Swiss roll. →

SARDINE SALAD

Bone, skin and chop the contents of one tin of sardines; mix it with ½ cupful of tomato pulp and a few drops of lemon juice (vinegar may be used as a substitute). Then add some salt and pepper to taste, and serve with fresh crisp lettuce.

GOLD CUP

Pass through the sieve enough raspberries to have ½ cupful of pulp; mix it with 2 cupfuls of orange squash, ½ cupful of lemon squash and ½ cupful of grapefruit squash. (The squash, in each case, must be diluted with water to taste.) Make 1 cupful of very strong tea, sweeten it with 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar and add it to the fruit juices. Chill well, and just before serving beat in 1 pint of milk.

WHITE & BROWN SLICES

Cut an equal number of pieces of white bread and of brown bread; butter them on one side only, and arrange in four alternate layers of white and brown bread and spreading between each layer a different sandwich spread, for example: Cucumber, shrimps, and grated cheese; or onion slices, creamed meat and lettuce; or sardines, parsley and hard-boiled egg; or again grated horseradish, liver sausage and tomato. Press the bread well together and cut into slices downwards.

MEAT SPREAD

Cut into very small pieces ½ lb. of raw beef; just cover with water and let simmer until the liquid is absorbed. Pass the meat three times through the mincer, add salt and pepper to taste and mix well, with the aid of a wooden spoon, with a quarter of its quantity (once cooked and minced) of creamed margarine. Place in individual moulds and serve with slices of buttered brown bread, radishes and onions.

MOCK ALMOND BALLS

Pass enough boiled potatoes through a sieve to have 1 lb. of purée; mix this with ¼ lb. of sugar and almond essence to taste. Shape into balls and roll them in cocoa or sweetened chocolate powder if you can find any.

MEAT CAKE

Chop finely some corned beef; mix it with an equal quantity of sausage meat and half its quantity of beef or pork, cut into small squares. Add 1 reconstituted egg. Place in an ordinary cake tin and pour over 1 cupful of meat stock. Leave for 45-50 minutes in a medium oven. Turn out only when cold, cut into slices and serve with lettuce.

CHEESE SCONES

Make some ordinary tea scones, cut them in half and scoop out the lower, or flat-bottomed half and fill with grated cheese mixed with creamed margarine, mustard and pepper to taste. Cover with chopped lettuce and cap with the other half of the scone. ←

BREAKFAST OATS

Bring to the boil two cupfuls of water with one teaspoonful of salt; pour in one cupful of rolled oats, stir and let simmer for 15 minutes. Add, just before serving, ½ cupful of stoned, chopped dates. Serve hot with cold milk. →

MEXICAN SOUP

Melt 2 oz. of margarine in a saucepan and fry in it ½ cupful of onion rings sprinkled with pepper and salt. When golden brown stir in 1 tablespoonful of flour and add slowly 2 pints of meat stock. Bring to the boil with 1 lb. of sliced tomatoes and let simmer for 20 minutes. Strain, pass through the sieve and serve very hot with 1 tablespoonful of grated horseradish stirred into the soup. →

NEW ENGLAND SHORTCAKE

Sieve 8 oz. flour and mix with a pinch of salt, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder and 1 oz. of sugar. Rub in 2 oz. margarine and slowly incorporate 1 egg (reconstituted) with 6 tablespoonfuls of milk. Finally, add a few drops of vanilla essence. Divide the mixture into two parts, roll them out on a floured board, put half into a round tin, brush over with melted margarine and place the other half on top. Bake for 15-20 minutes in a medium oven, remove, turn out, split in two and fill with crushed strawberries sweetened to taste. →

MANHATTAN BACON

Cover the bottom of a fireproof dish with slices of ham or bacon; cover with a thick layer of peeled sliced potatoes mixed with chopped onion and a little parsley. Pour over 1 cupful of water and 1 tablespoonful of melted margarine, put in a hot oven with a lid on the dish and bake for ¾ of an hour. Brown under the grill just before serving. →

Try American Cooking

MACARONI SANDWICH

Bring to the boil 6 pints of salted water with a bouquet of herbs and one onion; when boiling add 2 large cupfuls of macaroni and cook until tender. Strain, remove the bouquet and the onion, and put half the macaroni in a fireproof dish. Cover with 1 oz. of margarine shavings, and sprinkle over 2 large tablespoonfuls of grated cheese mixed with ½ teaspoonful of mustard (powder). Cover with the remaining macaroni and on top place the same amount of margarine, cheese and mustard as on the lower layer. Pour over 2 cupfuls of white sauce, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and leave in a hot oven until brown.

FISH HASH

Have ready 3 cupfuls of cooked, flaked fish and 3 cupfuls of cooked, sliced potatoes. Melt 2 oz. of margarine in a frying pan and fry lightly ½ cupful of onion rings. Add the potatoes and the fish, and when the fat is absorbed pour over 1 large cupful of milk and let simmer until the milk is absorbed, turning the hash occasionally to avoid burning. Season to taste and serve nicely browned.

CORNED BEEF SAVOURY

Fry slightly in 2 oz. of margarine 1 cupful of sliced tomatoes, 1 chopped onion and a bouquet of herbs. Stir in 1½ tablespoonfuls of sieved flour and mix, while bringing to the boil, with 1 pint of milk. When thick, season with pepper and celery salt and rub through a sieve. Into this sauce dip 4 slices of crustless toast, and when soft arrange them in a fireproof dish and keep hot. Mix the remaining sauce with chopped corned beef until a thick paste is obtained. Spread on the toast, sprinkle with grated cheese and serve.

Salmon Delicacies

BREAKFAST SALMON

Flake any salmon left overs and mix well with mustard, margarine and anchovy essence, using equal quantities of each and adding pepper and salt to taste. Arrange on pieces of toast, buttered hot, and leave for 5-10 minutes in a hot oven.

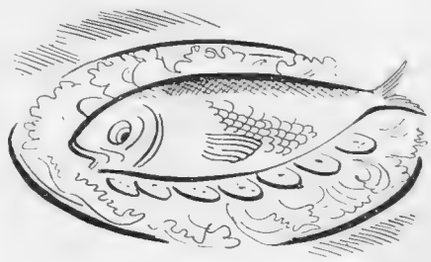
SALMON FOR TWO

Cut into small pieces as much cooked salmon as wanted, and mix with a pint of shelled shrimps; heat in the following sauce:

Boil the salmon bones in the same water in which the fish was cooked, adding 1 large mushroom, 1 onion, a dash of vinegar, salt and pepper; let simmer for ½ hour. Next melt 1½ oz. of margarine, incorporate 3 dessertspoonfuls of sieved flour, and when well blended add slowly 2½ cupfuls of the liquid, stirring continuously until thick. Serve very hot.

PARTY SALMON (very expensive but very good)

Cut a whole salmon into slices 2 in. thick; sprinkle one side with salt, leave for ½ hour, turn the slices and repeat. Next arrange them on a fish strainer, cover with chopped onion, a little parsley, thin slices of lemon and a sprinkling of pepper. Place the whole in a fish-kettle and steam for 35-40 minutes. Dish the fish up by giving it its original shape, surround with new potatoes, and serve separately a sauce made with the fish liquid, margarine blended with flour.



Dad-dad-dad...

She won't talk . . . but what a heavenly listener . . .

To Start Them Talking

By Louisa Kay

STEPS on the way through babyhood are full of thrills and speculation for mothers, beginning with the baby's first attempt to crawl under his own steam, on to those hazardous first steps and then, at last, to that most intriguing development of all, speech.

One has seen mothers quite radiant with pride because some precocious offspring has got a few weeks or months ahead of its contemporaries in some accomplishment.

Others are equally crestfallen because a less spectacular process of development seems to imply backwardness.

The fact is, a little forwardness or a little tardiness of progress in walking or talking has little significance if children are otherwise healthy and normal. Those we sometimes call backward stand a good chance a few years later of running a neck-and-neck race in the Intelligence Stakes with those who were previously so much ahead of them.

All the same, there is a case for stimulating little ones to talk, if they seem to lag behind in this development, if only because powers of verbal communication do help to widen the baby's developing interests and to increase its self-reliance. In any case, every mother knows the advantages of substituting talk for those unintelligible sounds which generally precede it.

Progress with talking does depend, to some extent, upon factors outside the child's own understanding. It happens sometimes that the baby which is a little over-cosseted or which has the undivided attention of its mother will be longer in coming up to scratch than the one who, through circumstances, is thrown more upon its own resources.

So far as development is concerned, there is everything to be said for allowing very young children to stand, metaphorically, upon their own tiny feet. Nature's way is to put forth the greatest effort in the face of the greatest obstacles, and although this is by no means an incitement to mothers to relax their care and vigilance, it remains a fact that progress in walking and talking is inclined to go sluggish where the child is given no encouragement to use his own initiative.

The baby among other children of a family is frequently well ahead in talking and walking, this because of his ever-increasing efforts to imitate and to communicate with the other children whom he recognizes as contemporary.

Lacking the stimulus of other children's society, one can accelerate Nature's progress to some degree by patiently encouraging the baby to form easy sounds and, at the same time, by connecting them with some specific object or action.

One-syllable words will be as much as the little student can manage, even after he has been persuaded, by constant repetition of the sounds, to form them himself. Once begun, his interest and his progress will increase.

At first choose, as far as possible, words which have a connection with objects of interest to him. The clock that ticks; the box which opens and shuts; the cat which comes to be stroked.

Keep on talking in simple language, and though the responses may be few at first, it won't be long before conversation is in full swing.

Look.. a bow-wow...

He's finding his musical ear, but not his tongue

There's a puff-puff....

DOLCIS

Step Sunwards....

New styles designed in White Suede, with coloured calf trimmings by Dolcis—makers of fine shoes.

Style 1599

Style 1597

Dolcis Debutante Style 9073

DOLCIS

There is a Dolcis Shoe Store in every large Town

ALL DOLCIS SHOE STORES ARE OPEN DURING NORMAL SHOPPING HOURS AT THEIR CUSTOMERS' SERVICE

★ Starred for Sheerness ★ Stockings by Wolsey

"Bunty" And "Winkie"

Still Another Story Of Cat And Dog Love

AN aunt of mine once owned a Cairn terrier bitch, who produced fine puppies, but invariably murdered all of them but one, evidently going on the principle that one child at a time was as much as any female should be expected to rear. When she had her third litter, she seemed to look on them with more affection; there were five of them, and we took a chance and left them with her, keeping a watch on her as far as possible.

One morning, when it was my turn to be on the lookout for trouble, I heard agonized yells coming from the kennel, so I rushed for assistance, and we managed to rescue all five pups alive, though one was rather badly hurt. We left one pup with the mother, as this appeared to be what she wanted, and discussed the question of what to do with the other four. It so happened that two of the stable cats had had kittens the previous week, so we ruthlessly drowned all but one of these, and, leaving the solitary kitten for good measure, we made the two cats an ample bed of straw in the stable, and placed the four pups in their charge.

The arrangement worked excellently; the cats took on the job of foster mothers with enthusiasm, and invariably lay close to each other in the straw, suckling pups and kitten indiscriminately.

So the kitten was brought up as a pup, or the pups as kittens, whichever way you like to put it, and they were all referred to as the "cat-pups," or the "pup-cats."

They all grew and prospered, including the one which had been mauled, and in due course they were disposed of, with the exception of one cream-coloured bitch, "Bunty," and the kitten, a handsome ginger male, who was named "Winkie."

The photograph was taken early this year, and about six weeks afterwards, "Bunty" died, two months short of her fourteenth birthday. "Winkie" is still hale and hearty, and shows no sign of old age, beyond a slight tendency to dribble.

He is quite the largest cat I've ever seen. L. R.

END

On Duty—In New York

(*Continued from page* 43)

full-length men's socks. I found evening socks of nylon and rayon mixture, ribbed wool, and ribbed lisle socks in good shades of maroon, brown, and bottle green, and very nice woollen mixture socks in reds and greens. Prices range from $.75 (about four shillings) to $2.50 (about twelve shillings). Pure cotton undershirts are $2.00 (about ten shillings), and the most lovely pyjamas in plain coloured rayons are piped in contrasting shades and are $16.00 (about four pounds). The men's shirts with attached collars in flannel and rayon are excellent and very expensive.

For shoes I tried Saks where I found an excellent pair of black shoes suitable for uniform or tailor mades at the cost of three guineas, and a delightful pair of black suède moccasin slippers with inside wedges for £3 10s. They had just received a small consignment of beautiful Paisley evening slippers sprinkled with sequins. These cost about seven pounds, but the heels were too high to be practical for London. Ninety per cent of the women in New York wear shoes with ankle straps and open backs to the heel. Personally, I think this is a very impractical fashion because as you walk, the heel of the shoe slips up and down. To add to this disadvantage, nylons are scarce and the average American stocking is not particularly flattering to the leg.

At Delman's they are showing a great many patent leather shoes of the ankle-strap type, with short vamps and buckles, bows or rosettes. The heels are not very high and are very broad. This new fashion for buckles makes the shoe look most luxurious.

Tailored suits are nipped in at the waist and the jackets are much shorter than those we have been wearing.

Skirts are a little longer than we wear at home, but like ours, they are slim and straight. The New York women seem to wear a lot of beige for afternoon and short dinner dresses. The alternative to this is a little black crêpe dress, the shoulders sloped and the neck-line is usually scooped out deep in front or else rounded and very low. These dresses are nipped in at a narrow waist-line and the fullness is in front. Very few evening dresses are worn at the restaurants, but when you see them they are moulded to the figure with a slight suspicion of a peplum or hip drapery.

The first thing that strikes you when you go out shopping are the women's hats which are covered with ribbons or flowers. When the hat has a crown, it is a large pudding basin fitting well down over the back of the head. Where there is no top to the crown, the hat is tall and straight, and all flowers, bows or trimming are worn in a clump in the centre front. They may simply be a large cluster of tulle or flowers worn in the front of the head, attached merely by a headband.

The sight of any New York menu would stun you, and the amount of food placed before you is bewildering. One steak alone, which was put before me as a single portion represented three weeks' meat ration. . . .

END

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X marks the spot where glamour perished

DON'T WAIT for a suit to get really dingy and soiled before cleaning it. The back of the collar, lapels, and cuffs are the first places to show dirt. It's easy to keep them continually fresh and clean yourself.

Moisten a cloth with a little Thawpit and go over these places carefully. Look out for any other soiled spots. Then give the suit a good brushing.

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HARRINGTONS (LONDON) LTD.
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329 Brighton Road, South Croydon, Surrey.

THE BEST FOR BABY

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page* 24)

any nearer," whispered the captain. "They'd see us."

Alice frowned. "Can you swim?" she asked, glancing at the moon and turning her eyes on a small wicker coracle in the stern, a round boat which a man could easily carry on his back.

"Can't swim a stroke."

"Any of the men?"

"No."

"Very well. I'll go myself. Up with the anchor. Keep a little weigh on the sloop and slip past the castle, but don't go too far or I might miss you in the dark. Conn will come down the rope at midnight. Moon or no moon a boat must be there. Have my clothes warm and dry and a big towel ready in the cabin when I get back."

Despite the muttered protestations of the men, Alice stripped and plunged into the sea to starboard. The coracle was flung after her and she swam steadily to the castle, pushing the light boat before her. All was silence.

A dark form slid down the castle wall to the boat and fifteen minutes later the sloop with Conn aboard was sailing steadily to Bangor.

"Heth, Alice," cried the amazed Conn as he briskly rubbed her down in the cabin, "you're a wonder. How—why had you to come yourself?"

"Gently, Conn, gently," protested Alice. "I'm not a crocodile. The moon came out at the wrong time and we couldn't get the sloop near the walls. None of the men could swim, and a quarter of a mile's nothing to me even when I have to push a coracle."

"Where are we going?"

"Bangor," she laughed. "We'll hide you in the church steeple in case that English trash St. Leger's snooping about. Then over to bonnie Scotland thirty miles away when the coast is clear. From there we can work down to London and get all this squared with Henry."

"A lad after my own heart," chuckled Conn, "and so are you, Alice, me brave boyo."

"Pass that towel, Conn, and behave yourself."

CONN O'NEILL was not recaptured and Henry the Eighth, refreshed by the solace and comfort of Katherine Parr, roared with mirth and freely forgave him when he had an eyeful of Alice and her good looks, and heard the whole adventure.

END

Eden—Without The Atom

(*Continued from page* 13)

raise pigs, and trade free of past controls."

Or this:

"Relics of the Spanish Main, the twelve Leeward and Windward Islands which are to be amalgamated, cover only 1,000 square miles and sustain, all told, less inhabitants than Hull. A pleasant, sub-tropical source of cocoa, rum, sugar, molasses and cigars, they are known to few Britons, visited by fewer."

Why indeed not visit such spots and stay in them if the going be good? I have sometimes reflected how much more favourable are circumstances for emigrants to out-of-the-way places than was the case only one generation back. Just think. The radio, new vaccines and drugs, refrigerators, dehydrated and canned foods, the air mail, the talkies, when taken together, do nothing less than revolutionize domestic existence at back-of-beyond spots. The chief snag is parting with country, home and friends; otherwise there is small reason why folk of venturesome temperament shouldn't make a "go" of a new life in the Caribbean, or in Melanesia, for that matter. Provided a minimum of white life doesn't diminish within one's radius, satisfying a natural gregariousness, special personal equipment need not exceed the following:—

A self-sufficiency beyond the usual, nervous as well as physical fitness (implying an equable temperament), adaptability, being "good about the house" in the Crusoe sense, aptitude for a local job, and the firm intention not to look down on one's coloured hosts as yet more "wogs." This last is important, as testified by men of the Forces, latterly spread far and wide. A thinking minority has explained how a combination of ignorance and "wogitis" alienated the majority from their surroundings. A "wog," I should explain, is just the native of the place, and he needn't be black or even brown. Italians were also "wogs." The term derives from the use of Egyptian labour in 1914–1918.

I seriously believe that before white people are given facilities to migrate even to the smallest island, they should be required to pass knowledge tests bearing on the inhabitants and history of the place. Incidentally if this were done, we should have less of one form of migratory slip-up, or worse. I mean the urge to found midget "colonies" on near-desert isles. Lovely, they sound before the event, these blue-prints for a new Eden far from the robot drive, and safe from atomic experiments unless the U.S. Fleet should select an atoll in the same group. Yes, you might call them Atomless Edens, only. . . .

I was once seated on the terrace of the Dôme, at Montparnasse, when an English friend hailed with: "Hey! you're interested in islands! Come and listen to the latest merry disaster! There's a Frenchman round the corner, straight back from the Galapagos outfit."

Briefly, "the Galapagos outfit" was the story of what may happen, at the very worst, to a little white community descending in exclusivity on a tropical isle.

At first everyone was occupied with the daily process of fitting out living quarters and learning to win and prepare foodstuffs. There was no time for queer traits or crochets to develop. Besides, it was all so wonderfully new and creative. Zest knew no bounds, and with it ran a deep fellow-feeling for one's neighbour. All had their appointed tasks. On the commissariat side: fishing from proas (outrigger canoes) on the barrier, collecting sweet potatoes, mangroves (egg-plant), and bread-fruit hot from the tree. Meat didn't come into the scheme. As for thirst, there was coconut milk galore

After work was done, or during its progress, one dashed into the cool lagoon. The great delight was that no money ever passed. The natives were rewarded for services, and for rice, with cotton goods, beads, and sticks of tobacco.

Such is the broad picture of one of these tropical island communities in its heyday. The new interest and release, the delight to the senses, the sensation of living by one's own effort, promoted an uncommon well-being and content.

Usually the first crack appears when the bad weather comes. For this *is* bad weather, not just B.B.C. gales. On the Galapagos, the whole settlement was uprooted or washed away—and with depression uppermost at the loss, there followed a plague of flies, equally unprepared for. And first signs of tropical disease from insect bites—a form of elephantiasis can develop from treading on a certain landcrab. Came fever from the swamps behind, and torture from mosquitoes.

At this stage the community on an Atomless Eden begins to break out in spots and sores, and this brings the opening sign of deterioration. That stuff the natives concoct from palm juice and coconuts is pretty good—rather like a liqueur. Drinking starts. Failing the rotgut of the Chinese store or the cynical trader, this island brew has a kick. Along with it, there (*Continued on page* 54)

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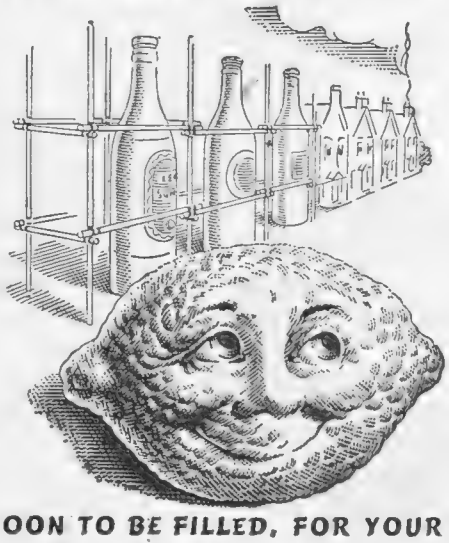

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grows a disregard for personal appearance. The women grow slatternly. The men grow a week's whiskers.

By the second year the little colony has taken to lazing through the day. It has become bronzed, but there's little else on the plus side. The great change is in the inter-relationship of these self-outcasts. In the ingrowing conditions of island life, they have got on each other's nerves. They have begun to quarrel, to "feud," as Hollywood has it. In that closed society, they nourish suspicions, spread tales. Soon mere dislikes degenerate into pathological hatreds, due to constantly seeing the subject who grates. This is an inevitable development, as is also the seeking of fresh mates within the community circle, or from among the natives. It is a toss up which is the more fatal.

On Galapagos they actually swapped partners. Not that agreement did more than delay catastrophe which, anyway, came rather from perversion than sexual licence.

The final break-up sets in with a longing to get out of the place, to get home to one's friends. One pines for a letter or a book. The lovely island appears as a prison hell. How it fences one in! The intolerable prison it all is—the company, the surf, the sun! Can one never hope to escape? The former escapist from Europe becomes an inverted escapee. Man or woman, they crave violently for new faces, new voices, for anything but the pans and the croaking of their fellow-islanders.

In the end one is lucky to return to civilization—usually with a stamp of reticence, of queerness and otherness never to be erased. Atomless Edens don't work. The last experiment I can recall, ended with Alain Gerbault dying daft in Melanesia and his cronies returning to France. The athlete and tennis ace who could sail the ocean alone, lasted longer than most.

END

Eden—Without The Atom

Playground Business

(*Continued from page* 16)

tennis and golf. Courses and courts had to be dynamited out for them. They wanted opera and ballet—it had to be subsidized. Then American dollars built an opulent new casino at Nice. Cannes followed, with the Palm Beach Casino, and imported "les girls." Monte Carlo had to meet the challenge; build, at a cost of a million pounds, a new Sporting Club—entrance by "introduction" plus an entrance fee—for the plutocracy and grandees, who found the big old Casino *passé* and overcrowded. In the course of these enforced splurges the Company nearly went broke. After several poor seasons it had to negotiate a huge loan from a war-enriched Zaharoff and the Rothschilds, who virtually took the place in pawn until they got their money back.

The sun cult forced a new and hugely expensive gamble. Cannes, Nice, Juan-les-Pins, Antibes, were staging a summer season. The wise, weary Monte Carlo entrepreneurs had been in the pleasure business too long to miss the red light. People could easily get out of the Monte Carlo habit and into the Nice or Cannes habit. Further, people could exhaust all or most of their gambling funds during a summer season and have nothing or little to throw on the tables during the winter. The Company therefore summoned architects and engineers, dynamiters and concrete gangs, and dug into its depleted coffers again. They built a palatial summer casino, complete—since they had no bathing beach—with immense swimming pool, and restaurant. Now they were in business all the year round. It proved a good gamble. The visiting list rose to a million and a half a year.

But just before the war came a staggering body blow. With world trade shrinking, and arms expenditure rising, the nations were scrambling for tourist traffic to secure the foreign exchange formerly got by selling goods in the world market. The Germans and Italians subsidized their resorts and launched advertising campaigns abroad. Austria publicized its Salzburg season and its snow playgrounds. Paris, which had long been coasting on an old reputation, found that *soufflés* and soubrettes, champagne, courtesans and belly dances at the Moulin Rouge no longer automatically assured a tourist crowd. London, less lovely but more solidly colourful during the Season between the Academy opening and Goodwood, was taking the cream of her foreign trade.

In this dilemma, the hard-up French Government permitted roulette in 170 casinos. Roulette began to run wild over Europe. Even sedate Baden-Baden advertised "Roulette!" Monte Carlo's monopoly was broken. The Company countered with double roulette, a two-wheel combination giving highest odds of 1,200 to 1, against 35 to 1 in ordinary roulette. But Monte Carlo was groggy.

The war gong stopped the international battle. How the resumed fight will go now is anybody's guess.

Monte Carlo's story patterns that of most seasonal playgrounds—those that survive.

COUNT VOLPI made one of his several fortunes out of the half-mile strip of beach which became world famous as the Lido. A big luxury hotel, a couple of rows of blue-and-white striped tents, an Italian sun, an overrated shallow sea—and the stand was open for business. It did a very good luxury trade up to the war, drawing largely on the seasonal Venice crowd, who came up in the local power-boat ferry or their own speed boats, moored incongruously outside the rented palazzo on the Grand Canal.

The speed boats apart, Venice at a first glance seemed not to have changed much since the Doges. But behind the museum-piece façade were cocktails, bridge, jazz, and an eye to business. In order not to be by-passed by the new motor-touring folk, coming down through France and by way of the Rhone valley road, the Simplon, and the Piave plain, the Venetians built a modern bridge into their city, with a big garage at the end where you put up your car before taking a gondola at the *traghette*. It suited the Society of Gondoliers—the world's oldest trade union, and most adroit back-sheesh merchants—very well.

A LONG-TERM threat to the British home holiday trade seems the huge and rapid development of North and South American resorts and long-distance and feeder airlines, and an eventual release of surplus shipping. With Europe war-blocked off, some of these American resorts, spending lavishly, have outdistanced anything that pre-war Europe offered—that is, for those who want noise, crowds, bands, games, races, shows, fiestas, something to do, and be doing all the time, and a lot for your money.

Miami—which was flat broke when I was last there, during the American slump—in the winter of 1940 was offering, besides facilities for every kind of game and pastime, and hotel, villa or rooming-house accommodation of 2½ millions, three months' consecutive horse racing, 2,500 greyhounds racing on four dog-tracks, a Sun Festival opening with a jamboree assembling sixty illuminated floats, forty bands and 5,000 costumed participants, and closing a week later with a fishing tournament with 150,000 men, women and child competitors, and rich prizes.

That same season one of the rail systems was running eight trains daily New York—Florida. They'd take you de luxe to Palm Beach for £10 return, or £16 Pullman. Big Bay boats took motorists—needn't drain your tank—overnight across Chesapeke Bay from Baltimore to Norfolk, saving 230 miles of driving, at a charge (*Continued on page* 56)

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"Nerves," Giddiness, Palpitation, Headaches, Ear Noises, Insomnia, "Pins and Needles," Sudden Obesity, Itching, etc.

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An interesting book, **"The Crisis in a Woman's Life,"** dealing with the symptoms of the Menopause, may be obtained on request from most chemists, or sent for 3d. in stamps by—

Clinical Products Ltd., 23F Thames House, 2 The Green, Richmond, Surrey

of £1 for you, £1 for your car, and 7s. for a state-room, with music, dancing and games thrown in (compare that with cross-Channel charges!). The airlines were running five services daily to the Arizona and Californian sun lands, and New York Central scheduled daily snow expresses with special fares to American and Canadian winter-sports resorts from the Adirondacks to the Laurentians and Quebec (compare that with facilities for getting to the Scottish snow slopes—rail service practically stops on Sunday north of the Border). Even Mexico enterprisingly offered a fortnight's round trip for £60, and no passport required (to get in: getting out of and back to one's own country was another matter!).

We have potential but largely undeveloped playgrounds as good or better in British Guiana, in the West Indies (though I doubt if one can still get a beach bungalow complete with native maid and gardener for £5 a month, which was the price when I stayed at St. Vincent some years before the war), and the coral islands of the Bahamas, which possess a warm sapphire sea, lovely bathing beaches, and the perfect 60-80 degrees climate that you get at the northernmost limit of the tropics, with pleasantly hot days, cooling sea breezes, effulgent nights warm enough for outdoor dancing with no risk of a Riviera chill.

These and a dozen other unspoiled spots will be easily accessible to-morrow, in our new small world contracted already to twenty-four hours London-New York, and three days England-Australia. Then some existing playgrounds will wane, and others wax, and entirely new playgrounds will appear on the pleasure map, brought there by the magic of the powered wing.

END

Made To Measure

(Continued from page 19)

determined. For a second or two the baby-blue eyes were ice-cold. Then she laughed and began to stroke the dog.

"Don't try any funny tricks, Terry," she warned him. "Let Hislop win at bridge, and don't suggest a little game of poker. If he asks you to play golf, give him a good game but don't beat him. I know you used to run a handicap of four. Forget it." He stared at her. When Aubrey was around she had always stayed quietly in the background, acting the charming hostess when some sucker had to be entertained. Now she talked in the clipped, curt way of her late husband. You could close your eyes and almost imagine it was Aubrey giving orders!

"Don't be afraid to tip the waiters," she went on precisely. "If you run out of cash I'll give you more. Spend as much time with the girl as you can. I'll work on the old boy."

Sudden anger flared up in him as he watched her petting the wretched little animal in her lap. He thought back to those long, weary months in prison with never a word or a sign from Aubrey. Flat broke, cold and hungry in New York. He had cabled desperately to Aubrey for his passage-money home. No reply. The terrible days in the boiler-room of the tramp steamer in which he had worked his passage to Liverpool. You forgot things like that in the army. No use telling this woman that winning that medal at El Alamein had given him more kick than anything he had known in Aubrey's world of smart hotels and cocktail bars, steering victims to some clever swindle.

He grinned as the train slowed down. "Australia, here we come!" he said gaily.

HE leaned back in his chair and puffed slowly on the excellent cigar which the waiter had just pierced for him. It was a magnificent ten-inch Havana which stuck out of his mouth like a torpedo. But, then, everything was opulent and a little larger than life at this hotel, he decided. . . .

The Grand Oaks boasted its own nine-hole golf course, two cocktail bars, sun parlours, a beautiful lawn of truly billiard-ball smoothness, and each of its 450 rooms had its own bath and shower laid on. The service was as sleek and unobtrusive as that of any famous London hotel, and Terry decided ruefully that he wouldn't have lasted twenty-four hours as a waiter here. Perhaps it was all for the best the way things had worked out.

He sipped his brandy slowly, reverentially. It was a long, long time since he had caressed a balloon-shaped glass between his fingertips. He caught a smiling glance from the Hislops' table and grinned back, raising his glass. He felt soothed, delightfully mellow. That Hislop girl was undoubtedly a pip, and Sarah had not exaggerated about her clothes.

They had met at tea in the lounge. He found himself shaking hands with a tall, slim girl with masses of soft, dark hair and blue eyes that had a sparkle in them. Terry had an eye for such things as clothes; automatically, his mind registered the idea that the simple-looking tweed tailored suit was an expensive model. It was of a cunning shade of blue-grey, nipped in at the waist with a short half-belt, and with double-flapped pockets that hinted an artful simplicity. And those long, slender legs; exquisite.

"May I introduce my nephew, Major Terence Jameson of the Grenadier Guards?" tinkled Sarah. "He doesn't want me to mention the D.S.O. and all the other gongs. . . ."

"No. And let's skip the 'Major,' too," Terry had grunted. "I'm out of the army."

He caught a quizzical smile from Mr. Hislop. Pamela's glance flickered approval as she shook hands. Nice cool grip she has, Terry thought quickly. Perhaps "cool charm" was the way to sum her up. She talked easily, smoothly, and managed to be just a trifle detached without seeming up-stage.

Over cocktails, before dinner, he had tried to make conversation with her father but his gaze kept straying to the girl who was talking clothes with a goggle-eyed Sarah. That burgundy-red dinner dress made her look slimmer than ever, and it touched off coppery glints in her hair that he hadn't noticed before. If the girl came well up to Sarah's enthusiastic description, her father surprised Terry more than a little.

When Sarah had first mentioned the words "Australian magnate" he had quickly formed an impression of a squarely-built chunk of a man with a paunch, ruddy cheeks and a faulty command of his aitches. Hislop had turned out to be very tall, dark, almost saturnine, with a soft, drawling voice and smooth man-of-the-world manners. Terry noticed the way he spoke to the waiters and barmen; with an easy, almost friendly, authority that somehow made Sarah sound shrill and *nouveau riche*. . . . He looked surprisingly young, despite his smooth silver-grey hair, almost too young to have a daughter of that age. But they certainly made a striking-looking couple as they strolled into the cocktail bar.

"Don't overdo it, Terry," Sarah said warningly. "No need to make sheep's eyes. There's plenty of time."

He looked at her coldly. "Cut out that Major, D.S.O. stuff from now on," he countered.

She pronged a bit of ice cream and popped it into Wong's mouth.

"Don't say you're falling for the young thing already," she laughed. He could see that she was practically bubbling with delight over the rapid progress in her scheme.

Her eyes followed him round the ballroom while he was dancing with Pam.

"You dance rather well," she murmured. "Not as stiffly as I'd have expected from a Guardsman."

"You're pretty wonderful yourself," he said quickly and held her just a fraction closer. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Hislop, very debonair in a double-breasted dinner jacket, leading Sarah on to the floor. Like so many stout women she was surprisingly light on her *(Continued on page 58)*

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Cuticura TALCUM

feet. She seemed to be enjoying herself. She probably imagines that the ten thousand quid are in her lap, thought Terry.

"You seem very pre-occupied," remarked Pam as he led her back to the table.

"It's nothing at all," he flipped back. "Except that I feel just a trifle seedy in this suit." He laughed shortly. "Your father's dinner coat is beautifully cut."

They made a four at bridge and played on until midnight, Terry and Sarah taking on the Hislops. Once or twice he got a sharp look from Sarah, particularly when he bid a Grand Slam in hearts—and made it. He could tell from her worried expression that she suspected him of planting his hand.

"Lucky at cards, unlucky in love," he murmured when Hislop settled up their losses. His glance rested lazily on Pam's face and he could have sworn that she was blushing. Impossible, he told himself sharply, but there was the oddest tingling in his blood as he said good night.

"Why don't you youngsters go for a ride in the morning?" suggested Sarah casually. "Perhaps I'll play nine holes with Mr. Hislop if he's not too busy. I haven't brought riding things with me." Terry smothered a laugh at the idea of Sarah, plus Wong, astride some unfortunate hack.

NEXT morning, after breakfast, he and Pam went for a walk. She didn't seem keen on riding. Terry felt shabbier than ever, striding beside her in his old tweed coat and rather spotty flannel bags. She was wearing a short nutria jacket over a plaid skirt and suède shoes.

"No coupon trouble in Australia," he murmured with an appraising side-glance.

"Oh, I've got stacks of clothes," she said lightly, but there was something in her voice that made him jump.

"You don't seem too bright about it," he commented.

"Clothes aren't everything," said Pam, after a little silence. They didn't say much after that but there was a sudden aloofness in her. Only when they were sitting down to bread and cheese and tankards of beer did the smile creep back into her face.

"This is fun," she said softly, smiling at the bald little landlord who was polishing glasses behind the bar.

Terry's heart began pounding in the most ridiculous fashion. Don't be such a sap, he reminded himself savagely. You're an impostor, a bogus Guards officer, D.S.O. But for Sarah you'd be waiting on this lovely creature, calling her "madame," instead of drinking mild and bitter with her in a country pub. His mouth set in a hard line.

The cards seemed to be stacked against him. That night, for the first time in months, it was warm enough to stroll out on the terrace and listen to the music drifting through open doors and windows. A moon, the size of a pumpkin, hung from the breathless sky like a great lantern. Moonstruck, the lawn shivered in an ecstasy of silver.

"It's lovely, isn't it?" she said faintly, turning her face to him.

He nodded, then leaned over and kissed her firmly on the lips.

"Lovely," he agreed. "Now it's your move. I suppose you ought to slap my face."

"I should," agreed Pam, "but it's too warm and peaceful to start fighting."

"In that case," he said solemnly, "I have no other alternative. . ." This time she returned his kiss with an intensity that startled him.

After a sleepless night, he rushed down to breakfast, his brain swirling with a hundred schemes for spending the day delightfully. Walk, maybe nine holes of golf, lunch at the little pub . . . chat together in the sun-lounge or play lazy croquet until tea . . . cocktails for two . . . somehow, they must shed Sarah and her father . . . then dinner together at that big roadhouse just outside Maidenhead . . . he'd hire a car and they would drive slowly back through the velvety night. . . .

Only it didn't work out that way at all. She gave him a trimmed smile across the dining-room and didn't look up again. He dashed over as soon as she had finished eating.

"Good morning," he sang out cheerfully.

Made To Measure

"How about a country hike? Lovely day."

Her chin went up determinedly. "Sorry," she said briefly. "We're playing a four ball match with the Harrisons."

"What about this afternoon?" he said quickly. "We might potter about Maidenhead, maybe take out a punt. . . ."

"Afraid not," she said coldly. "I'm writing letters."

His nails bit deeply into his palms. He was trembling.

"Well, have a nice game," he said bleakly.

After tea, completely wretched and puzzled, he tried to take his mind off the girl by mooching round the vast hotel kitchen. In a rash moment he had told the head waiter that he was hoping to go into the catering business one day.

"Ask me anything you want to know, sir," Charles said amiably. He was introduced to the head chef, the store-keeper, cellarmen, and finished up by chatting with the staff manager. For a while he forgot all about Pam. All this was fascinating, he decided.

"It's a highly organized business, Mr. Jameson," smiled the manager. "Every waiter, 'commis' and chambermaid knows his or her job from A to Z. We have to work to a strict timetable. Take a look at this. . . ." He whisked out a huge chart which looked like a family tree. "From this I can tell at a glance what any member of the staff is doing at this particular minute, and exactly what stocks of food and wine we're carrying."

Terry's brain was humming as he went up to his room to change for dinner. Sarah's plump face wore an accusing expression when he sat down opposite her.

"Where have you been all day?" she asked sharply. "You've let that Hislop girl get tied up with the Harrison couple." She sipped her soup with a frown. "And the father has been avoiding me all day."

Yes, something had gone wrong. Mr. Hislop shook his head when Sarah suggested a rubber of bridge after dinner.

"I'm afraid we're already engaged," he said politely. "Colonel and Mrs. Dix have asked us to go to the theatre with them."

Sarah swallowed. "Well, see you in the morning," she said brightly. Her face hardened as she watched them stroll out of the dining-room.

"I told you to let them win at bridge," she blazed at Terry. He shrugged, puffing on his cigar.

"Maybe you're rushing things a bit, old girl?" he said lightly but there was a worried look in his eyes. Last night he could have sworn that Pam was not flirting with him. He found an excuse to get away and went in search of the head waiter.

The following day, Sarah smouldered irritably. Hislop could not have been more polite but he and his daughter always seemed to be engaged with other people.

"They're avoiding us," Sarah frowned. "Have you spilled the beans to the girl, by any chance?" she added harshly.

"Don't be silly," he snapped. His eyes went over to the other table. Pam looked absolutely stunning in a sheath-like evening dress of ciré satin. She gave him a cool smile and turned away.

AT dinner, the following evening, he could see that Sarah was almost at breaking point. Her fat pink face kept creasing in a frown.

"Where did you get to all day?" she repeated irritably. "If you're pulling any stunts. . . ."

"Don't threaten me, dear," he said easily. "I never agreed to help you swindle Hislop." He forked a piece of pancake. "You promised to let me relax and have a good holiday. Remember?" He smiled raffishly. "Matter of fact, I went up to Town this morning on a matter of private business." He finished his pancake and stared moodily across at the Hislops' table. "I'm checking out tomorrow."

"You can't leave me, Terry," she said tremulously. "I've given you a wonderful time. . ." She broke off as the tears filled her blue eyes. (*Continued on page* 61)

Ann Todd is another lovely actress who wears Clarks shoes. Well-known to theatregoers, Miss Todd attained film fame overnight, both here and in America, with her recent exquisite performance as Francesca in 'The Seventh Veil.'

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C 9

"I'm going to-morrow morning," he said calmly. "This little holiday's been a little on account of what you and Aubrey owed me." He got up and gave a slight, ironic bow. "Now, if you'll excuse me. . . ."

Pam found him on the terrace, smoking a cigarette.

"Mind if I join you?" she asked softly. He shrugged and made no reply. Then he felt her hand on his sleeve.

"There's something I must tell you, Terry," she whispered. "I know what you're thinking." Her fingers closed tightly on his arm. "I meant that kiss the other evening."

"Well, why on earth?"

"We're leaving to-morrow," she broke in. "I had to talk to you first." She sighed and took out a cigarette. Off-handedly he flicked his lighter. "Thanks. I'd like you to know that my name's not Hislop; it's Jones. No, don't interrupt me," she added quickly. "We're not Australians. I was born in Surbiton. Bob's not my father."

Terry's cigarette trembled. "I see. . ." he murmured ironically.

"No, you don't," she cut in. "He's my boss. If you must know, we're on a publicity stunt. I'm just a five pounds a week model. Bob's a dress designer, and he's tops." Her voice trailed off. "We're making a tour of luxury hotels, getting people to talk about my clothes. Now and then, I drop a hint about the Mayfair wizard who designs all my gowns. It brings quite a bit of business. Our next port of call is the Royal, Birmingham," she added in a small voice. "That's all."

He caught her in his arms. "No, it isn't!" he burst out. "I'm no major. Just an ex-corporal. I've been in the jug for card-sharping . . ." He told her the rest of the story in brief, bitter phrases. "Yesterday I fixed a job in Town as reception clerk in a small hotel. Charles put me on to it. Six quid a week. . . ."

Slowly she passed her hand through his hair. "It's wonderful," she murmured.

A month later, almost to the day, Sarah received a small package containing a piece of wedding cake and a brief note.

"Thanks for bringing us together," wrote Terry. Pinned to the note was a neat business card. "Chez Robert. 24b East Molton St., Mayfair, W1. Dress designers of distinction."

She was about to rip the card to pieces but changed her mind. After all, that girl's clothes *had* been rather marvellous. . . She slipped the card into her note-case. Wong rubbed his nose against her calf. Sarah popped a bit of the wedding cake into her mouth and two large tears glistened in her eyes. She thought of Aubrey and began to smother the Peke with lonely, hysterical kisses.

Wong jumped from her lap and snapped greedily at a scrap of wedding cake.

END

Made To Measure

The Bridge

(*Continued from page 28*)

lady, or *You, who, it was believed, killed your husband.*

"I'll not go into details," he went on. "It's of no concern."

"Thank you, I'd rather be spared the details."

He might have flushed. Or was it the reflection of the firelight on his face?

"Putting it fair and square, as the saying goes"—he was an honest man now, stating a blunt fact—"I'm in a jam."

"In a—jam?"

"In trouble—police. I'm wanted."

"Oh!" Mrs. Rossiter drew in her breath sharply. "You—want to hide?"

"No, no." He sounded impatient. "Fat lot of good that would be. What happened was they got wise to a bit of—a bit of business we had on hand and—they tried to catch me." He stopped.

"Yes?" she asked after a pause.

"There was—a bit of a barney. And somebody got hurt."

"A policeman?"

"That's right."

"But you were *not* caught?"

"No—in a way, no. But—they think they know I was there. They think they're going to get me. They think they can find enough evidence——"

"In that case, Mr. Blagdon, surely you should be far from here?"

"I tell you that's no good," he interrupted irritably. "I don't want no hole and corner life, waiting to be arrested. Always on the run. Besides, it's as good as admitting it was me."

"So you will—try to prove it was not?"

"That's just it. And I can. If I get one thing."

"Which is?"

"A *good* alibi," he said, and went on quickly, "a *good* one. Oh, any damn fool can cook up an alibi. It's finding a convincing one that counts. I could get a dozen people to swear I was with them all last Saturday evening. But the police would know. But somebody like you. The big lady of a village. Very respected and highly thought of and all that. If you was to say I was here with you—say from seven till ten. I was at the inn soon after ten——"

"I? Say that?"

"Why not? We're old friends, aren't we? There's nothing wrong in it. We're not the age people start talking about. They'd believe you, you see. You're—well, so respectable. We could fix the story up."

She had pulled a Sunday newspaper from a pile that rested on a shelf under a little table near her. She turned the pages, and presently folded it and doubled it so that one column stood out.

She leaned forward, holding it in her hand so that he could see it.

"Is that it?"

He drew his brows together as he looked, and his eyes scanned the headlines.

BLACK MARKET SCOOP
MORE ARRESTS EXPECTED
POLICEMAN WOUNDED

He moistened his lips with his tongue.

"Is that it?" she asked again.

He nodded.

"You have seen the account, naturally? You know that this young policeman may die?"

"Look," he said scowling. "I don't want to talk about it. It was all very—very unlucky. If ever a chap asked for trouble—but never mind that now. I reckon you know what I want. Are you going to help me?"

She dropped the paper on the carpet and turned to smile sweetly. "I certainly will not help you, Mr. Blagdon."

They faced one another. Blagdon's scowl deepened.

"I hope they catch you, and I hope you get an even heavier sentence than you deserve. If that is possible."

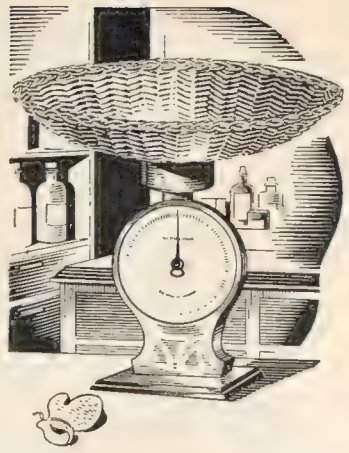
He waved a hand ponderously. "Wait a bit. Aren't you forgetting something?"

She was, and the recollection of it was enough to make her grave again.

"You've lived here happy for twenty years, haven't you, Mrs. Rossiter—or *Mrs. Forbes*, if you like? You're respected; you're well thought-of aren't you? You've built up a life for yourself. But it's built on a lie. On your changed name. Oh, they're nice people here, I admit, but you know what these villages are, the best of them? Say there was an article in a Famous Trials series about the Forbes case, as it was called. Nobody knows whether you're alive or dead. And then somebody found out you was living here——"

"You'd not dare!" she whispered. "You'd not *dare*!"

"It's not daring." He was more at his ease. "If you won't oblige me, why should I oblige you? I know a chap who'd jump at a chance to write up the case. You know best whether you'd try making a libel action out of it, even if it is actionable. You'd have to go, you know. You'd have to leave (*Continued on page 62*)



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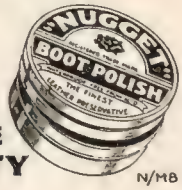

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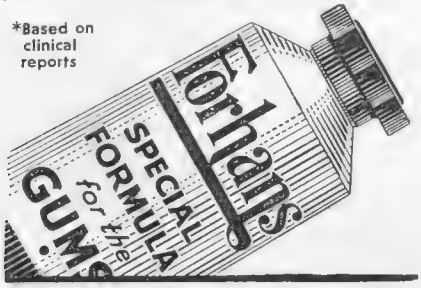


here. The nice little life all in ruins. And changing your name again—well, at your age—and all these identity cards and what not. . . ."

"This is blackmail," she said at last.

"No need for hard words——"

"No," she said abruptly. "No, I will never consent to do anything so shameful. And as for what happened years ago, I was found innocent then, why should my friends condemn me now?"

He shrugged his shoulders expressively. "Why, indeed? Why, if it comes to that, haven't you told anybody in all the years you've been here?"

She had gone very white, and she stood up. Blagdon smiled patronizingly at her. "You're taking this all wrong. It's not much to ask from you. You'll not lose by it."

She remained looking down at him.

"Well?" he said.

She sighed. "It is a poor pitiful thing, my respectability, but I am growing older. To have all that again, the whispers, the glances, the suspicion . . . You are a very clever man, Mr. Blagdon."

He smiled, accepting the accusation as a compliment.

"You know I can't face going on without the esteem and friendship I have won here. Though what friendship I shall deserve——"

"Don't worry about that," he reassured her. "You help me. I help you."

"You leave me little choice," she said wearily.

He stood up, rubbing his hands. "That's the style! Don't you worry a bit."

"What do I have to do," she asked coldly.

He was entirely the business man at once. There were no more hesitations, no fumbling with words. Every detail was worked out, every possibility taken into consideration. For over half an hour he went over his plans. In spite of her abhorrence of the man and all he stood for she had to admit he was clever.

"Quite sure of everything now?" he asked.

She nodded sadly. "Quite sure."

"Then I'll be off." His wandering glance found the whisky bottle and he poured some into his glass. "Just a nightcap to keep out the fog," he said. "I wish I had a car handy."

"I have no car to offer you. Lomax drives me about in a pony trap."

"I wouldn't think of borrowing a car if you had one," he assured her. He was suddenly very solicitous for her. "Better if nobody knows I'm here to-night. I've been pretty careful. I'll walk—" a sudden thought struck

him—"unless I go over your foot-bridge and down the river path. Nobody's likely to see me. Anyway, there's the fog. It will save a lot of walking."

"I'd rather you didn't," she answered him quickly.

"But why not?" he demanded. "Not bearing malice are you? Not *wanting* me to have that two-mile walk?"

She was staring at him. "Of course not. You can use the bridge if you want to. I'll come down with you and unlock the gate if you'll wait until I get a coat."

They walked together down the path through the garden at the back of the house and came to the river.

"You know your way?" she asked.

"Yes, thanks."

"I'll come across with you," she said, "and open the other gate."

She had already stepped in front of him when he caught her by the arm and drew her back.

"No," he said. "No, I don't think you need, Mrs. Rossiter. I can manage all right." He took the key out of her hand. "I can easily let you have this back."

They stood in the darkness, their faces vague blurs as they looked at one another, so that neither could read what was in the other's mind.

He spoke in a low voice. "Listen to the river running past. Proper little flood, isn't it. And I can't swim. And I remember—what happened years ago. I'd rather you didn't push *me* in. There's only that silly little handrail——"

She laughed suddenly. "I never even dreamed——"

He too laughed, but very quietly. "Of course not. Only you hate me so much at the moment, and you're very brave. I know that. So just in case you might be tempted—Good night, Mrs. Rossiter."

He stepped on to the narrow bridge. She opened her mouth to call to him, but the words froze on her tongue. She could hear the tap of his jaunty footsteps as he strode along the bridge, full of his triumph and his cleverness.

He did not even cry out as the loose plank Lomax had laid over the gap they were mending slid out from under his confident feet.

All she heard was the heavy splash and the murmur of the swiftly flowing river.

END

England In The Olden Time

(*Continued from page* 15)

Laurence Sterne caricatured as Dr. Slop for the elite of Georgian society—has his own medicines displayed alluringly in one window.

Lower down is the toy-shop with its cribbage boards, and the dolls, model-animals and table games that make Mary Worsley's thirteen children press their noses so regularly against the tiny window-squares. Immediately opposite stands the tallow-chandler's factory, frequented alike by the gentry, the cottagers, and those responsible for illuminating the churches for evening service. This curious establishment has been reconstructed from a north-country factory which produced tallow-candles over a long period; the dipping and drying racks with their rows of candles, the great wooden press, and the tallow vats are all in working array. Can you not see the chandler and his sweating assistants trying to complete their orders in readiness for the next market day? And what a day that will be, with folk from the surrounding country rudely jostled aside by the sedan-chair men making for the pump corner, there to set down Elizabeth Montague, looking as grand as when Sir Joshua Reynolds painted her, or, maybe, the Countess of Burlington who hopes the apothecary has got that Cordova Water for her from Spain, and a little of that Eau de Charm she found so soothing for bathing the temples after her last trip to town.

Such figures crowd into the imagination, but if there is any dearth, a number of ingeniously devised "sets" will conjure up fresh coteries for you. Ascend, for example, to the Georgian drawing-room whose windows overlook the Street. In such a room Mrs. Montague held her famous conversation parties attended by Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Thrale and a host of others. A faint stir of air from the Street outside sets the lustre pendants a-tingle, and you can almost hear the buzz of intellectual chatter. . . . The Doctor is in good spirits to-day.

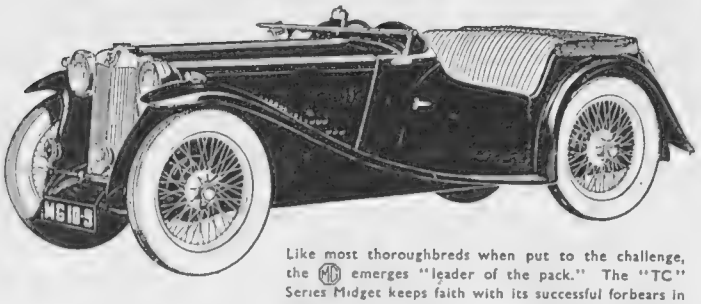
It is all so vividly arranged. In one gallery a wonderful assortment of bygone agricultural implements is linked, via the Street, with the moorland farmer's cottage with its peat fire, "four-poster" and oak cradle. Then, in the seventeenth-century room nearby, can you not see Lord Fairfax himself discussing poetry, say, with Andrew Marvell over the flagons? And those jet ornaments made fashionable by Queen Victoria; how readily they lend themselves to adorn the ample bosoms of our grandmothers for whose especial comfort, it would seem, a Victorian drawing-room has been furnished in all its antimacassar splendour.

Gradually, other period rooms are being added. Never was history such fun! Experiments with time are the natural order of things at the York Castle Museum.

END

MG

Maintaining the Breed



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WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP — PRO INTEGRITATE CUTIS

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Coal Tar Soap

IDEAL FOR TOILET & NURSERY

Books

(*Continued from page 41*)

Miss Adelaide Eden Phillpotts takes this for *motif* in "The Lodestar" (Rich & Cowan, 9s. 6d.), which pivots on a girl's compassionate devotion to a blind sister, and the conflict that ensues when both fall in love with the same man and the afflicted one is moved to kill. There is much lengthy literary dialogue of the "Our love is of the innermost soul" kind, and I think Miss Phillpotts will benefit by studying the modern method which suggests, implies, instead of overstating. The background is Dartmoor and good.

YOU can imagine that an air ace who returns home after six years abroad is going to find a gap between dreams and reality. Peter Neal, in Mr. Lewis Cox's "Christmas Mail" (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.), gets caught up in the emotional conflicts of his sister and step-sisters, and finds complications between his mother and step-father. But he also falls plumb in love with the youngest step, Teresa, a girl whose "great soulful eyes . . . liquid and unfathomable, had the texture of brown velvet," so the Christmas homecoming proves to be not so bad after all. Romance, with a domestic tangle.

KITTY, in Miss Barbara Hedworth's "Just Being a Woman" (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.), has dreamy "pansy-brown eyes" and a lop-sided smile. But there's nothing lop-sided about this young actress's dreams. "I want lovely clothes," she says, "and jewels—furs—and no fewer than half a dozen bottles of perfume on my dressing-table to choose from—and *glacé*-silk petticoats which rustle . . ." and sets out to find a man wealthy enough to ensure them. But is she happy? What of the snags that go with them? The story, a sentimental one, is nineteenth-century theatre in more than the literal sense—and good box-office.

AFTER which—a breath of New Zealand, in a story of a young bank clerk who invests £500 in "thirty acres and a house" on the coast near Rakaia, finds the land waterless and the house a shack, but also an enchanting neighbour's daughter, age twelve, half Maori, who prattles at him like a devoted aunt and becomes—quite innocently—his "Man Friday." What happens when David goes off to the war and returns to find his little Heine a charming young woman? A simple, straightforward story is Miss Rosemary Rees's "Penelope Waits" (Chapman & Hall, 8s. 6d.), so you may guess. . . .

A BREATH, too, of pioneering Tasmania in Miss Isabel Dick's "Wild Orchard" (Harrap, 9s.), the story of Harriatt Bracken, daughter of a Rochester canon, who marries and settles in Van Diemen's Land to farm and grow hops and encounter much trouble with assigned servants deported from England as criminals. The author's great-grandfather was one of the original pioneers, so she knows the background of those venturesome forties. A solid, sincere tale of the conquest of waste places, with much about the introduction of hops which would fascinate ITMA'S Colonel Chinstrap. . . .

I DON'T know whether many women would tell the man they love, in as many words: "You'd rather have married Lorella, because you loved her first and best. But as you can't—well, here I am, no different, no less loving, and I suppose no less lovable. . . . Look, darling, I've got nothing left; no pride, no reserve." Jacky, the standby, does that in Miss Elizabeth O. Peter's "Compromise With Yesterday" (Sampson Low, 9s. 6d.), after Lorella, who was kept from David by a possessive father, married another, and is now a widow, tells him there can be no "going back" because—well, her marriage made a difference. A story of love at cross-purposes which cannot turn in on itself but must find another way out, as so often in life.

HERE is a list of other books which will repay the attention of readers:—

"Selected Stories," by Fred Urquhart; "Selected Stories," by John Brophy; "Selected Stories," by Norah Hoult. A trio of new additions to The Hour-Glass Library (Maurice Fridberg), 2s. 6d. each volume.

"Yours Fraternally," by Arthur Peacock (Pendulum Publications, 9s. 6d.). Tells of men and women the author has met, and of the experiences he has had during the past twenty-five years he has been "behind the scenes" in the working-class movement.

"The Bright Safety," by Margaret Gregory (Hutchinson, 9s.). An intriguing story told with skill and charm.

"Death And The Dear Girls," by Jonathan Stagge (Michael Joseph). No reader of thrillers should miss this.

"Prescription For Love," by Anne Sholto (Hurst & Blackett, 9s. 6d.). A novel written mostly on the back-cloth of military convalescent hospital life.

"Peter Bruegel The Elder." With twenty illustrations and an introduction by Leo Van Puyvelde (Gallery Books, No. 10. Percy Lund Humphries, 4s. 6d.).

"Thames Side Yesterdays," by C. Fox Smith, with illustrations by E. A. Cox, R.B.A. (F. Lewis, 21s.). Readers of BRITANNIA AND EVE are well acquainted with this author's work, and Miss Fox Smith has found some pithy stories which are accompanied by excellent drawings reproduced in line and tint.

"The Riddle of Prehistoric Britain," by Comyns Beaumont (Rider, 18s.). Were the British Isles in fact the cradle of civilization? This book offers new facts, in astonishing profusion, to prove that this is so. Its wealth of evidential detail should confound the experts and lay the foundations of a new pre-history, with Britain as the prime author of world civilization throughout the ages.

END

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Other People's Gardens

(*Continued from page 20*)

Scotney Castle, at Lamberhurst, has a quarry garden; at Friars, Matfield, are yew hedges, a paved rose garden, a stone pergola; Stourhead, in Wiltshire, retains a perfect example of eighteenth-century landscape gardening . . . lawns sloping to lakeside, temple-crowned knolls and bosky groves. The Italian garden at Hever; Knole's deer park; a Japanese pool garden, a heather walk, at Bitchet Wood, near Seal. All these have a distinctive character of their own.

Nor is London itself forgotten. The Metropolitan area includes show gardens in such districts as Richmond, Wimbledon and Highgate, and that enchanted survival of Wren creation, Old Battersea House, set like a gem in its walled garden, an oasis of foliage and flowers in a wilderness of factory chimneys and wharfside activity, a garden that once sloped down to the river's edge.

Many of the gardens accessible under this scheme are small and therefore productive of inspiration to those who own small gardens themselves. And the Waterperry Horticultural School at Wheatley, Oxford, provides demonstrations of such practical matters as the propagation of herbaceous plants, alpines and shrubs, and the pruning of fruit trees, as well as an inspection of the fruits of its labours.

Details about those gardens which are available for visits month by month are usually printed in local county newspapers, otherwise lists and information can be obtained from the Organizing Secretary, National Gardens Scheme, The Old Manor, Rotherfield, Sussex. To help support any cause as sympathetic as that of District Nursing, in a manner so pleasurable to oneself, is a rare combination of circumstances.

END

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Wallpapers Once Were Nailed

(*Continued from page 42*)

of wallpaper was taken out in Great Britain. There is no doubt, however, that craftsmen here were turning out serviceable papers much earlier than this. A kind of wallpaper has been found which dates back almost two hundred years before.

The oldest papers were, of course, hand-made. The paper mentioned previously, found behind ancient panelling in a house at Highgate, was of two kinds. Part of it was stencilled, in much the same way as hand-made papers are produced to this day, and some of the pieces were printed by means of wooden blocks.

The very earliest type of wallpaper known is block-printed; that is, from wooden blocks on which the type or pattern had been cut.

During the seventeenth century the ships of the Dutch, French and English East India Companies brought home from China all kinds of treasures, among them wallpapers the like of which the Western world had never seen before.

These were presented to the companies' patrons and important customers, who showed them to their friends. They aroused great interest and admiration, and in consequence orders went back by the next ships for further supplies. Mincing Lane, London, became a leading centre of distribution, but in order to avoid the many months' delay in obtaining the paper direct from China, attempts were made to imitate Chinese papers by European craftsmen, and with not inconspicuous success.

France went in for pictorial papers, and its designers turned out some truly magnificent specimens. They reached the zenith of their art during the French Revolution and the subsequent wars, but even these troubles did not prevent the papers finding a ready market in Britain and even more so in America, where examples are still used as decorations of important rooms.

A noted artist was Reveillon, who made some of the loveliest papers ever produced. He enjoyed royal patronage, and his factory employed three hundred people. It met with disaster when the revolution broke out. Incited by jealous competitors, and roused by the rumour that their wages were to be cut, the men pillaged the factory.

Unable to find and murder Reveillon himself, they burnt him in effigy. The guards were ordered out and they killed many of the rioters. Reveillon sent a despairing message from his retreat, and he was promised protection, but he was discouraged and broken in health and spirit. He emigrated to England, where he died a few years later.

Another eminent maker was Dufour, who started in Paris under the First Empire, and who was so fired by the ambitious spirit of his time that he enlarged his compositions until they covered a whole room and there were large chamber papers with one vast scene.

His masterpiece is entitled "The Loves of Psyche," and the blocks from which it was printed are still in existence. Other extraordinary feats are "The Royal Fête in the Champs-Elysées" and "The Voyages of Captain Cook." In a vivid hunting scene the number of blocks used was no less than three thousand.

These great panoramic wallpapers covered the rooms with landscape or story without repetition. Paper in continuous rolls was not invented until the close of the eighteenth century, and the huge panoramic papers were printed on quite small sections of paper, joined up to compose a length. They were costly, and when exported from France extreme pains had to be taken to preserve them from damage.

They were wrapped in tinfoil tubes to keep out damp, and were put on the walls with the aid of numbered charts. Even now, more than a century after their production, in these papers the reds, greens and blues, among other colours, are astonishingly well preserved—evidence of how well the old craftsmen worked.

END

The Timber Ships

(*Continued from page 25*)

She did get round that time, for she was a stout old ship, though I heard later that the adjectival deckload shifted, and they had to jettison a part of it before she could right herself. It was not until after the first great period of destruction broke upon the world that she came by her end. She was torpedoed by a German U-boat almost within sight of home. She was once more carrying a deckload of lumber. She capsized; but her cargo would not let her sink. She might have been towed into port and righted, and sailed the seas little the worse for her adventure, in normal times. But the risk to the rescuer from lurking submarines would have been too great. So there she remained, forlorn and abandoned, lifting helplessly to the swell, her waterlogged cargo holding her up like a drowned woman's sodden clothing, until a destroyer came out to sink her by gunfire.

THE Pacific Coast was the last resort of many of the survivors of the palmy days of sail. But comparatively modern vessels specially designed for the lumber trade were also to be met with, mainly under the American flag. These were mostly four-, five- and even six-masted schooners, and one of these in particular, the six-masted *E. R. Sterling*, had a remarkable and eventful career before finishing up in the shipbreaker's yard. That was after a phenomenally long and disastrous passage of 286 days from Australia to the United Kingdom, in the course of which she was given up for lost. On this occasion she was carrying a grain cargo, but her usual load was lumber, and on one passage she went from the Columbia River to Melbourne in eighty-eight days, with two million feet of deals on board, and a deckload above her topgallant rail.

The demand of a ravaged world for lumber must be great for years to come, and the problem of tonnage for transporting it is going to be hard to solve, for there are now no old windjammers and few tramp steamers to come to the rescue. The answer will probably be found in specially designed timber carriers, such as were being built in British yards for the Soviet Government before the war, calculated to carry a fairly large load with the minimum of fuel and labour.

THE days of "merry hell off the pitch of the Horn" are over and done with. But the lumber camps of the Pacific Slope still remain the last resort of that picturesque Western life which elsewhere only survives on the films or the "dude" ranch. The lumberjack, with his high-laced boots and roll of blankets, can still bring a breath of the open air and the free life of the wilds to the sophistication of a modern Western city. The Union Wharf at Vancouver when a shipload of loggers was returning to the camps after blowing their payroll used to be a sight to remember; I recall that the saturnine mate of the Union Company's steamer *Cheakamus* was specially noted for his collar-and-trousers-seat grip with which he was wont to run any unduly rumbustious passenger off the ship at the first convenient port of call, quite regardless of his actual destination. Lumber camps, like gold towns and cow towns, contained the oddest mixture of humanity—French-Canadian habitants from Trois Rivières and Rivière du Loup, half-breed Indians, assorted Eastern Europeans, known indiscriminately to the West as "bohunks," Norwegians, Scouwegians, and, of course, a liberal sprinkling of the ubiquitous Younger Son, speaking the accents of Eton and Oxford. Rough diamonds, most of them, but they were men; and if the march of civilization has tamed them, the more's the pity.

END

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Lace-Stitch Blouse

(*Continued from page* 36)

next 6 rows. Cast off the remaining sts.

THE FRONT

Work as for the back until after armhole shaping. Work for 3 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Work 19 sts., cast off 53 sts., work 19 sts. Work on the last set of 19 sts. (place the first set of 19 sts. on a spare needle). Work on the last set of 19 sts. until armhole measures 7 ins., *at the same time* inc. 1 st. on every 4th row at the neck edge (only) until 27 sts.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows. • Return to the 19 sts. on spare needle. Join wool at the next edge and work to correspond with the last set of 19 sts.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 85 sts. K. 2 rows plain knitting. Change to No. 10 needles and main patt. Work 1 in. Then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 91 sts. and sleeve measures 5 ins. from the cast-on edge. Shape top. Cast off 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 33 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press each part with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. With the No. 1 steel crochet hook, starting at the back of the neck, work 1 row of d.c. round the neck. **Next row.**—* 2 d.c. into the next 2 d.c., 1 s.st. into next d.c., 4 ch., 1 s.st. into the same d.c.; rep. from * all round. Rep. these 2 rows round the lower edge of sleeve. Work a ch. 1½ yds. in length. Thread through holes at the lower edge of blouse. Press all seams.

END

Open-Neck Pullover

(*Continued from page* 36)

Divide sts. for the centre opening (right side of work facing). Work 59 sts. (place the remaining 61 sts. on a spare needle). Work on the 59 sts., casting on 4 sts. at the neck edge (to make overlap). Continue on these 63 sts. until work measures 14 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole. Then k. 2 tog. every armhole end row until 47 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows. Cast off the remaining sts. loosely. Join wool at the centre neck edge and work on the 61 sts. on spare needle to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 72 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Change to No. 10 needles and main patt. Work 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 90 sts. Continue until sleeve measures 6 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Then k. 2 tog. at the beg. of every row until 42 sts. remain. Then cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 26 sts. remain. Cast off.

TURN BACKS FOR LAPELS (2)

With No. 10 needles, cast on 25 sts. Work 5 ins. st.st. (1 row k., 1 row p.). Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew shoulder sleeve and side seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on the lapels, first on the right side along the top and down the side seam. With No. 1 steel crochet, work 1 row of d.c. down the front opening on right half of front. Work 3 button loops. Work a row of d.c. down the left half of front opening. Press all seams. Sew on buttons.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; st. or sts. = stitch or stitches; dec. = decrease; inc. = increase; tog. = together; m. = make; patt. = pattern; beg. = beginning; w.fd. = wool forward; ins. = inches.

END

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We said we'd tell you when you could buy

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We are now delivering a few but please be patient with your retailer.

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It's Goodall's SPONGE MIXTURE

27

Green Tea For The Emir (*Continued from page 12*)

"I'm terribly sorry, Tubby. Can't you borrow some of the ghastly stuff?"

"From whom? Tell me."

"Um—— I see your point." She helped herself to a cigarette. "Couldn't steal any, I suppose?"

Rose placed both kid-shod feet on the floor and flicked back the cigarette into the silver box. "I'm going, thank you." At the door she turned. "I hope Brock chews your head off."

"Beg, borrow or steal." Slowly he nodded his head, then raised a fist and smacked it into a sweaty palm.

Down the stairs he scuttled and hopped into a khaki-green two-seater. A moment later, car horn tooting like a delirious trombone, he streaked for his bungalow on Havelock Road.

PRECISELY at two o'clock massed artillery blasted the hushed suspense of waiting multitudes that hedged the great expanse of parade ground. Over a crimson and purple dais, flags uncoiled in languid brilliance. The Twice-Born of Imperial India clustered around golden umbrellas under which the Viceroy and the Emir sat. Glittering regiments of horse, foot and artillery thundered past the saluting base. Like jewelled knights in a fairy tale, the Corps of Princes on prancing white chargers, headed the cavalcade. Pipes skirled, martial music throbbed; rattling drums and blaring bugles swirled with the frenzied cheers from a million brown throats and surged at the feet of the Exalted.

Under his golden umbrella the unctuous smile on the Emir's face froze.

His Excellency the Viceroy exchanged a dignified wink with His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief.

At one end of this glittering platform, Captain Hawley, who might have been poured into his marvellous uniform, looked stiffly across and met the inquiring eye of Commissioner Brock. In what amounted to telepathy he conveyed the answer "No."

ON the outskirts of Agra, sitting precariously on the back seat of a rickety, two-wheeled vehicle that was shaded with a rocking canopy, a blue-eyed, pear-shaped Afghan was being bounced over a dusty, pot-holed road. His features lacked something of the hawk-like alertness characteristic of a *pukka* Afghan, but he was correctly dressed in a high-peaked turban, embroidered velvet vest, and a comfortably fitting white shirt that flowed over wide, loose trousers caught in a band at the ankles. Untanned leather shoes with turned-up toes completed this authentic national dress.

The boom of distant artillery started the Afghan swearing again. In fluent Hindustani he cursed the illegitimate ancestry of the skinny, brown driver and urged him to put on more speed.

With a hard stick the *tonga wallah* hit the angular horse on a protruding bone. "If Bul-bul were a race horse, Parker *sahib*, assuredly I would be a rajah."

"And if you call me Parker *sahib* again," the exasperated Afghan glared, "I'll break your foul neck and hang your low-caste carcass in a pig skin."

A half-mile ahead, in the shade of spreading banyan trees, the tents of the Emir's camp glowed like pearls in an emerald setting. Outside the camp, where a sentry challenged, the *tonga wallah* jerked to a stop. Tubby handed the soldier a pass and, heart knocking at his ribs, alighted. In one of the tents the camp's commissariat would certainly be stored. All he had to do was to find the particular tent.

He snooped around, the curved-toed shoes slapping the soles of his feet, and fell over a tent peg. When he picked himself up, a familiar laugh greeted him.

"Since when have Afghanistan's sons taken to wearing socks?"

Mouth agape Tubby looked down. Subahdar Major Mahomed Ali threw back his bearded head and roared with laughter. "The dress is the dress of an Afghan," he bantered, "but the face is the moon face of Parker *sahib*."

"Look here, major. This is no laughing matter." Tubby glared at the Afghan. "I came here to obtain some of that tea."

Quite suddenly the subahdar major was serious. "What you want is here," the major growled. "When all inquired of me, I made merry over the stupidity of *sahibs*. Nevertheless, I decided to mount guard. It were better had you stayed away."

"Damn it, what madness is this?" Tubby spluttered. "You must know the result of a fancied slight to the *izzut* of your sensitive Emir!"

The hulking man thumped his enormous chest with an open palm. "I welcome it."

He laughed again; like a maniac, Tubby thought. A large brown hand spun the rotund and slightly dazed *sahib* into the shade. "Listen, Parker *sahib*. Why, think you, do I live in this fly-ridden city of Agra, far from my beloved Afghan highlands? Retired?" He spat his contempt for the word. "Banished!" he shouted. "Because my enemies gained the Emir's ear I was banished from my country. Yet, by Allah's grace, shall my prince recall and place me again in honoured command of fighting men. And you seek to prevent this!

"Shall a dog of a *ferenghee* steal royal tea, and by that thieving rob also the hope of a warrior for worthy service in his own land?"

The giant Afghan drew his sword and cut the air with a glittering flourish. Legs astride, before the tent he stood. "In there is the treasure you seek," he taunted. "You enter over my dead body. Beware my patience, little *sahib*. Go while there is yet time."

To his surprise Tubby heard himself shouting. The spirit of long-deceased Parkers, adventurers, soldiers and altogether reckless men, must have inspired him. "I'll be damned if I go without that green tea," he defied. "Get me a sword and a shield—you damned, overstuffed Goliath."

For a palpitating moment the towering Afghan glowered at his dumpy opponent. "Well spoken," he nodded. "It is good that a man should die fighting. Space there is within. Enter and await my return."

Feeling distinctly light-headed and with a vague hope that he would presently wake from this horrible nightmare, Tubby moved inside. He blinked his eyes and looked round the place. Lining the sides of the spacious tent were boxes and bales; sacks and bundles. On a table at the far end, green boxes were neatly piled. He noted red Chinese characters, gold shaded, that marked some of these boxes, and lifted the lids. What he wanted was there; green tea and lots of it!

On the other side of the table paper bags filled with pungent spices were arranged in groups. Tubby drifted over and sniffed.

Presently, through the tent opening, a shadow preceded the return of the fearful subahdar major. In his arms he carried two steel shields ornamented with copper knobs. Also a heavy cavalry sword. With a quick thrust he buried the keen tip of the blade into the ground. "Take your sword," the madman ordered. "When they find your body I shall say I slew a thief who tried to rob the bounty of Destiny."

Leisurely Tubby advanced and unearthed the weapon; lifted the shield from where it lay. He handled the things awkwardly but, taking a firm grip of the sword with his left hand, swung it in a wild flourish.

"Come on," he deliriously challenged, "and to hell with you!"

Before the slow, menacing advance of his implacable foe, Tubby gave ground till the small of his back pressed against the stacked table, blocking further retreat. Like spume on black waves, flecks of foam mottled the bristling beard of the crazed Afghan. His murderous sword hissed upward in a flashing arch.

Tubby Parker galvanized into action.

He hurled his shield at the adversary. The Afghan's descending blade clanged it aside. Swiftly Tubby followed with a bag of blinding chili powder that exploded on the subahdar's shield in a suffocating halo. As though a catapult projected him, Tubby recklessly charged and butted his choking antagonist savagely in the midriff. With the hilt of his sword he hit him a terrific clout on the side of the head.

Subahdar Major Mahomed Ali was knocked out.

A case of green tea under each arm, Tubby Parker, worthy (if flabby) descendant of swashbuckling ancestors, bustled across the glare into the waiting *tonga*.

IT was just after four when Tubby Parker, looking like a smug pouter, joined a crowd of officials at the base of the crimson and purple dais. A glossy top-hat crowned him; a freshly starched collar choked him. His circular face radiated benevolence. Lifting his eyes to the vast blue of dappled sky, he oozed a sigh of relief.

As Tubby, with smug nonchalance, explained to Rose Burnleigh, the idea struck him like a flash of inspiration. The Emir wouldn't always be publicly swilling green tea with His Excellency. "I thought the Oriental feller would have a stock of the awful stuff in his camp for private swilling. All I had to do was to go there and steal it. I counted on the Emir's entourage and all the other hangers-on being at the review. Still, I wrote myself a pass on a large-size piece of Government of India stationery just in case some fool of a sentry stopped me. Then I got into that Afghan kit I wore at the fancy dress ball last New Year's Eve and was bounced by a blackguardly *tonga wallah*—he nearly gave the game away—and landed plunk inside the Emir's camp. A Gurkha sentry was trying to read the pass upside down when we slipped through."

The review ended with squads of relaxed and smiling officials eddying in the wake of the mighty. The viceregal party moved in the direction of an enormous marquee. Tubby straightened his tie, tipped his hat and loafed over to the caterer's buffet to confer again with the major domo.

Later that evening, as he stood with Rose in a jasmine-scented glow and watched a crimson ball of evening sun balance on an indigo silhouette of distant trees, a heavy hand descended on his shoulders.

"Ah, there you are!" Commissioner Brock unbent. "Wondering where you'd got to. How-d'-do, Miss Burnleigh."

Tubby, his heart still pounding his ribs, straightened his hat. "Very good show, sir."

"A splendid show. The Emir complimented the Viceroy. 'All misunderstandings are drowned in the fragrance of this cup,' the Emir said. The Viceroy was gratified."

"Great issues often hinge on little things," sententiously the commissioner commented. He lit an opulent cigar and puffed its fragrance into still air. "His Excellency was more than gratified because the Emir, significantly, drank the same tea—orange pekoe, and not that foul green stuff."

Rose glared at the broad, receding back of Commissioner Richard Brock. "I hate the beast," she said. Then, a new light in her eyes, she impulsively linked her arm in Tubby's. "All right," she finally agreed. "Let's go and break the news."

Like children of the screen, they walked into the setting sun.

END

1.6.46

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published monthly by the Proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Advertisement Offices, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397 P.L.&R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 18s. 6d. per annum, 9s. 3d. for six months, single copies 1s. 6d., and for Canada 16s. 6d. per annum, 8s. 3d. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co. Ltd.

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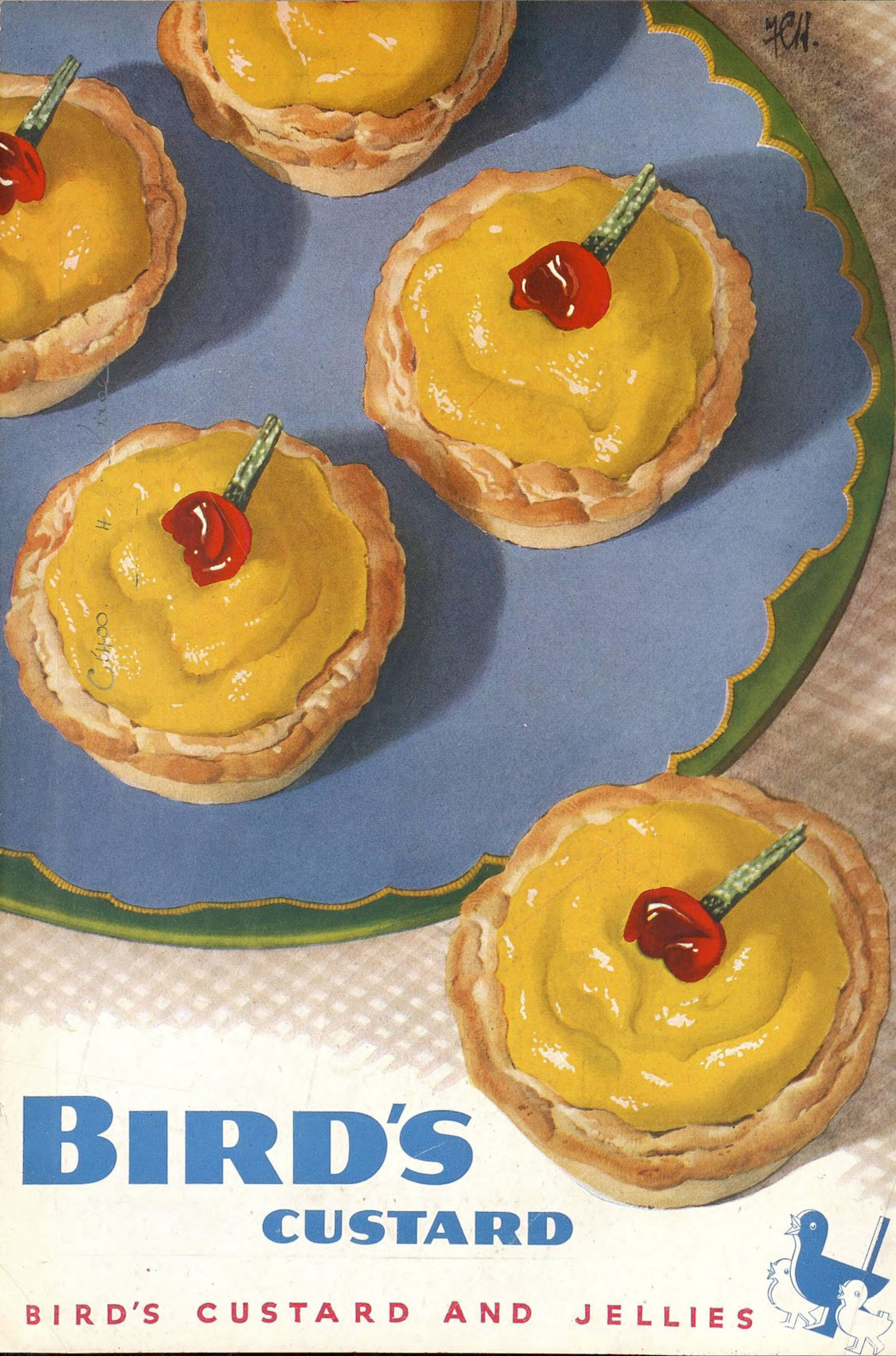

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